F
5457
.K45

NUNC COGNOSCO EX PARTE

THOMAS J. BATA LIBRARY
TRENT UNIVERSITY

TOURING QUEBEC AND THE MARITIMES

TOURING QUEBEC AND THE MARITIMES

BY

IDA MARA KENNEDY

Trent University Library
PETERBOROUGH, ONT.

TORONTO:
THE ARMAC PRESS LIMITED
1929

F5454 .R45

Copyright, Canada, 1929

THE ARMAC PRESS LIMITED
Publishers - Toronto

DEDICATED TO THE

MEMORY OF

MY MOTHER

343606

INTRODUCTORY

These are the days of Good Will Pilgrimages, when groups of people journey to various parts of the world, with the avowed purpose of becoming better acquainted with people and conditions in the points visited, to the end that a better understanding may be established and a real spirit of good will cultivated. Such was the trip organized and conducted in June—July, 1929, under the name of the New Outlook Maritime Special, and of which approximately one hundred and eighty-five tourists from various parts of Canada and the United States took advantage.

We have yet to find one of the number who failed to enjoy the pilgrimage, and all would be glad to live over again those delightful days. But inevitably the scenes will fade from our memory, and I feel that we owe a debt of gratitude to Mrs. Kennedy for her thought in writing the story and putting it into book form, that we may preserve the record of those twenty days. With her keen perception she has seen things that may have escaped the eye of some of us or that may already have become only a dim recollection, but the whole story is much enhanced by the telling. And to those who have not had the privilege of visiting the beautiful Maritimes with their wonderfully hospitable people and their wealth of historic scenes, we recommend this little volume.

Louise C. McKinney.

Claresholm, Alta.,
Nov. 4th, 1929.

CONTENTS

Chap.		Page
I	The Start—Eastward Bound	1
II	The North Shore of the St. Lawrence and the Saguenay	9
III	The Unspoiled Province	24
IV	Bras d'Or to Annapolis Valley	55
V	The Garden of the Gulf—Canada's Cosy Corner	97

CHAPTER I

THE START—EASTWARD BOUND

In 1927 "The New Outlook," official organ of The United Church, sponsored a tour through Western Canada on the occasion of the sixtieth anniversary of Confederation. It was a marked success. This year in celebration of a century's progress in the field of religious journalism, "The New Outlook" undertook a similar tour of the Eastern part of Canada, with one great aim in view,—to make some contribution to a United Canada by promoting interchange between East and West: to help bind the scattered sections of our great land in the bonds of mutual understanding and good will.

The membership of the party was undenominational, and was drawn from all parts of the Dominion, with a few from The United States, which fact contributed much to the realization of the aim, which the tour had in view.

On Monday, June 17th, 1929, almost two hundred people, who were going on the tour, assembled in the Board Room of Wesley Buildings for evening dinner. The orchestra in connection with the Publishing House, played during the meal, and Dr. S. W. Fallis was in charge of the brief program that followed it. The Moderator, Dr. Gunn, gave the blessing of the church to the enterprise, and expressed the hope that it would accomplish the worthy purpose for which it was initiated.

Controller Bert Wemp of the city of Toronto, Mr. A. T. Weldon, first vice-president in charge of traffic, Canadian National Railways, and Mr. R. W. Burnaby, Toronto, Trade Commissioner for the Maritime Provinces, were among the speakers.

Vocal solos rendered by Miss Hazel MacDowell and

Mrs. A. E. I. Jackson (Irene Williams), of Philadelphia, were highly appreciated by all. Miss J. Stainton was accompanist.

Following the program, ten Gray Coaches conveyed the party to the Exhibition Grounds, where we found our DeLuxe train, of all steel construction, awaiting us. Having joyously inspected what was to be our home for the next three weeks, and having met our new neighbours, we soon settled down for a night's rest, happy in anticipation of what the future held in store for us.

The journey to Ottawa under unexpected circumstances, proved beyond a doubt, that the New Outlook folk were pilgrims possessing qualities of good nature and adaptability, both of which augured well for the success of the tour.

Instead of arriving in the national Capital at 6.30 o'clock next morning, we were delayed until noon, owing to a wreck on the line. It was two freight cars, and not our DeLuxe train, which met with the accident. We were obliged to back down the Napanee-Ottawa line, in order to get past the wreck. Imagine the surprise of those who joined us at Napanee after midnight, to find themselves backing into their home town at dawn. Thanks to the Canadian Pacific Railway, we were permitted to use their line as far as Smith's Falls, and we reached Ottawa at noon of the first day.

The Chateau Laurier offered to serve us luncheon instead of the anticipated breakfast. The ladies of the United Churches of Ottawa, however, would not hear of that, so we went right from the station to Dominion Church, where we were entertained to a choice luncheon in the basement, which was refreshingly cool after the oppressive heat of the forenoon.

Following the luncheon, Rev. J. Clark Logan, ex-

Controller H. H. McIlroy and Rev. W. W. McNairn extended a hearty welcome to the Capital of the Dominion.

We were then treated to a forty mile drive, ending with a tour of the Parliament Buildings. Our hosts made us all feel that the Capital was just as much our city as theirs—that it belonged to every son and daughter of Canada.

Situated on the banks of two noble rivers—the Ottawa and the Rideau, Ottawa is scenically one of the most beautiful cities on the continent.

The choice of the selection of a Capital city of the Dominion was left in the hands of Queen Victoria, who chose Ottawa, because as the official letter said, "The city of Ottawa combines more advantages than any other place in Canada, for the permanent seat of the future Government of Canada."

Three hundred years ago, Samuel de Champlain paddled up the unknown reaches of the Ottawa River from Montreal, and was halted by the Chaudiere Falls, the famous battleground where the Indian tribes fought for supremacy. He was the first white man to view the glorious panorama of hills, rivers and valleys by which the city is surrounded, and to set foot on the cliffs, on which now stand the Canadian Houses of Parliament.

As the Capital of Canada, Ottawa is the official residence of the Governor-General. Here, too, are the United States' Embassy, the homes of Consuls and Ambassadors from all parts of the world, and the residences of dignitaries of Church and State. It is unique among the cities of the Dominion.

At the very doors of the Capital are the great Gatineau Valley, the foothills of the Laurentian Mountains, and the area of Rideau Lakes, each a paradise for anglers and hunters.

Early in 1930, Ottawa will have the International Association of Snowshoers' meet, which will be participated in by about five thousand from both sides of the International line. Dominion ski championships with amazing high jumps, which thrill spectators, will also be conducted.

The seven seas have carried the products of Ottawa's great industrial plants, bearing the names of Booth, the lumber king; Eddy, the match-maker, and more recently the International Paper Company. The principal exports are lumber, paper, matches, marine gas buoys (only one in the world), cement, clothing, etc.

On our drive, we saw the leading manufacturing plants, and the outstanding public institutions. Proceeding along the west side of the Rideau Canal, by way of the Government Driveway, which is under the control of the Federal District Commission, we viewed the pleasure craft and freighters, which ply between Montreal and Kingston. The Rideau Canal was built between 1827 and 1831 by Great Britain. The War of 1812 taught Britain that it was essential to have independent communication between Montreal and Kingston. The engineer in charge was Colonel By, whose camp at the mouth of the Rideau known as Bytown, has grown into the great and thriving city of Ottawa. The mason work in the locks is unexcelled.

We crossed Dow's Lake and arrived at the Dominion Experimental Farm—a real beauty spot—where we saw corn ten feet high. The Rustic Bridge, made from one hundred pieces of wood obtained from all parts of Canada, was well worth seeing. Passing the Civic Hospital, we saw very fine homes, of which the cheapest is worth about $40,000. We crossed Champlain bridge to the Quebec side of the Ottawa River. This bridge is almost one mile long. Driving along Aylmer road, we saw Eddy's match factory

in Hull, then Chaudiere Falls. The Indians used to throw tobacco and trinkets into the Falls, believing that Manitou, the great Spirit, lived there.

At Nepean Point we were privileged to see Champlain's monument, and the guns used in 1812.

On Rockcliffe Drive, noted for long stretches of natural beauty, is the Royal Shanty, erected in September, 1901, by the lumbermen of the Ottawa Valley. During that year the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York visited Ottawa in the course of the Royal Tour undertaken in the first instance in connection with the inauguration of the new Commonwealth of Australia, but subsequently extended so as to include the Dominion of Canada. In this shanty their Royal Highnesses accepted the hospitality of the lumbermen's association, and were "regaled with pork and beans, and other delicacies, constituting shantymen's fare."

We drove through New Edinburgh suburb, and saw Ottawa's ski-jump.

In the Archives we admired many rare historical paintings, and the famous George III silver.

We passed the Mint, but did not have time to go through the building. The clothes of the men, who work here are laundered in the building. Combs and brushes are provided for them, in order to conserve the gold dust, which is worth thousands of dollars annually.

We saw Rideau Hall, in which Royalty has been entertained. It was once the home of Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise and her husband Lord Lorne. It was also the home of His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught. It is now occupied by our beloved Governor-General, Lord Willingdon and his charming lady, who have been very gracious hosts to visitors from the Home Land and other countries. Nearby is Earnscliffe, the former residence of

Sir John A. Macdonald. Then we passed the beautiful home of Sir Robert Borden. Next of interest was Laurier House, a present to the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier from his friends and admirers. Sir Wilfred gave it to Lady Laurier, who willed it to the successive Liberal Prime Ministers. Right Honourable W. L. Mackenzie King is now the occupant.

Our drive around the city ended with a tour of the Parliament Buildings.

The corner-stone of the old buildings was laid by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII, in 1860, and in 1867 the initial session of Parliament was held in the new buildings, the Government of the day having Sir John A. Macdonald as the first Premier of the Dominion of Canada.

On February 3rd, 1916, these stately Gothic buildings were destroyed by fire. They were rich in historic memories and bound up with deep patriotic sentiment.

Soon after the fire, the work of reconstruction of the Parliament Buildings was begun. To Mr. Pearson, a Toronto architect, was entrusted the great task of retaining the semblance of the old buildings in the construction of the new, but at the same time embodying the best features of modern architecture.

The cornerstone was laid Sept. 1st 1916 by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, while that of the Tower was laid in 1919 by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Most of the materials used in the building were obtained from Canadian sources. Nepean sandstone, quarried near Ottawa, faces the entire exterior. Tyndal limestone from the Winnipeg district, was used in the very beautiful interior stonework.

The Victory Memorial Tower of the new Houses of Parliament is two hundred and ninety-five feet high. In

it is a carillon of fifty-three bells. The clock is sixteen feet in diameter.

The Memorial Chamber directly above the entrance arch is a memorial to the service and sacrifice of Canadians in the Great War. Each one is represented by the badge he wore, while serving in the army.

Hanging over the gateway or entrance to the Memorial Chamber is the Mother's Cross. Almost all the stone used in the construction of this Chamber was quarried in the countries of the Allies—France, Belgium, and Britain. The people of France presented Chateau Gaillard stone; the people of Belgium, black marble; and Great Britain the altar stone, ornamented with the Royal Arms, the Arms of Canada and of the Provinces. Enshrined in this Altar will rest the Book of Remembrance, in which are recorded the names of our beloved Canadians who made the supreme sacrifice.

The seventeen marble panels in the walls set forth the story of Canadians in the Great War. Their pictorial beauty, magnificent carving, and devices used to illustrate that story, embody the spirit of the people of Canada.

On the crockets over the doorway are the arms of the cities of Canada, the doors through which men passed on entering and leaving the Army. In the tympanum is the Recording Angel; the final group represents Motherhood.

"All's Well For Over There Among His Peers a Happy Warrior Sleeps."

In the Commons Chamber of the Parliament Buildings we saw the Speaker's Chair, a replica of the one used in the British House. The Royal Arms, which surmount the canopy, are carved from the old oaken beams from the roof of Westminster Hall. This chair, which is thirteen feet six inches high, was presented to Canada by the

United Kingdom Branch of the Empire Parliamentary Association.

The mace used in the Canadian House of Commons, is the symbol of power, and is a replica of the famous old mace of the ancient town of Rye. When the Speaker of the House takes the chair, it is placed on the table. When the House goes into Committee, the Speaker leaves the chair, and the Deputy-Speaker presides. When the House adjourns, the mace is put in another resting place. The Speaker is provided with a luxurious living apartment in the Parliament Buildings. Whenever a dispute arises in Committee, he is sent for, and his ruling prevails.

We were much impressed by the magnificent ceilings, walls and furnishings of the Commons and of the Senate Chamber; by the four exquisite paintings of King Edward VII, Queen Alexandra, Their Majesties King George V and Queen Mary, and by the Nurses' Memorial. The latter statuary cost $32,000, having been subscribed by the nurses of Canada. The work was executed by Geo. W. Hill, of Montreal.

The block of white marble, which was brought from Italy for the Nurses' Memorial, weighs three tons. On the left hand side are represented the first sisters of mercy, who came to Canada in 1639. To the right are the nurses of the Great War. The central figure is Humanity, holding in her right hand the open book of memories,—1639 to 1918, while her left is a hand of healing.

From the Parliament Buildings we went to the Chateau Laurier, whose stately Norman beauty and location makes it distinctive among the best hotels of Canada.

Our evening dinner there was an event which we shall never forget. Controller C. J. Tulley extended greetings from the city, followed by addresses from Hon. W. R. Motherwell, Hon. Robert Forke and Rev. J. Clark Logan.

CHAPTER II

THE NORTH SHORE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE AND THE SAGUENAY

Leaving Ottawa at 1.00 a.m. Wednesday, we arrived in Montreal three hours later. Revs. Chas. Cushing and H. W. Burnett welcomed us, and after breakfast at the Mount Royal Hotel, we went to Knox Crescent Church, where kind church folk greeted us and took us for a three hours' drive through the city and its environs.

With a population of nearly one million people, Montreal is the largest city in Canada, and the sixth largest in North America. It is the third largest French city in the world, and by reason of its large French element, has been called the Paris of America. It is the chief financial, industrial and transportation centre of the Dominion; summer terminus of trans-Atlantic passenger and freight traffic; headquarters of the world's two largest transportation systems,—the Canadian Pacific and Canadian National Railways. Thus Montreal has become a Mecca for tourists and convention gatherings, for nowhere in North America can be found such charm, such romance and such a strange mixture of the old and the new. The combination of English-speaking and French-speaking citizens, together with an alloy of other races, gives it the spirit of cosmopolitanism, that makes it distinctive among the cities of the world.

When away back in 1535, Montreal was visited by Jacques Cartier, the site of the present city was an Indian village—Hochelaga. Under Maisonneuve in 1642, it formally passed into French hands. In 1672 streets were first laid out, and named, and in 1734 a post road was opened between Montreal and Quebec. In 1760 General

Amherst captured the city from the French, while in 1775 General Montgomery, an American revolutionary officer, occupied the town. In the following year it was retaken by the British. Montreal was incorporated as a city in 1832, and five years later, the Board of Trade was organized. From Montreal went forth the intrepid explorers and missionaries, the first to carry the white man's religion and enlightenment to the dusky races and the pioneers, who blazed the trails through the pathless forests, sailed the uncharted waters of the Great Lakes, and discovered and descended the mighty Mississippi.

At the back of the city is Mount Royal, which gave the city its present name. The harbour is one of importance and has the distinction of being the farthest inland ocean port on the continent, being one thousand miles from the Atlantic. It has a frontage of eight miles, a depth of water of twenty-five to thirty feet, and berth accommodation for one hundred vessels.

Montreal has over three hundred churches, two thousand five hundred factories, including the largest flour mills in the world, two sugar refineries, ship-building yards, bridge works, rubber goods, clothing, boots and shoes, etc., etc.

As an educational centre, Montreal ranks very high. McGill University has a world-wide reputation.

On our morning drive around Montreal we saw (1) The massive homes of the wealthy English-speaking residents in Westmount, which makes its own laws, and has total prohibition. Westmount is a good example of a city within a city. It is beautified by 3,000 maple trees, all of which stand as living memorials to the soldiers who lost their lives in the great war.

(2) The famous Ski-Jump. One hundred and thirty-eight feet has been the record jump. Our driver told us

that those who did not land at the bottom, took up permanent abode in the cemetery across the street.

(3) St. Joseph's Oratory, the scene of many pilgrimages, where we saw several ascending the 99 steps, one at a time, and offering a prayer on each step.

(4) Two Martello Towers, once used as a protection against the Indians.

(5) The Masonic Memorial Temple under construction.

(6) The wall, over 200 years old, which once surrounded Montreal as a fortification.

(7) Beautiful Lafontaine Park of 92 acres, with rustic bridges and lagoons.

(8) The homes of the poorer classes in the lower section of the city. The outside staircases, characteristic of the early days, were numerous here.

(9) Desjardins' attractive fur store, said to be the largest in America. It was our privilege to be shown through this store, some of the party having made purchases.

(10) At the eastern extremity of the mountain, the cross, which marks the spot where Maisonneuve planted a cross in 1642. It is illuminated at night by a hundred electric lights. Ships far down the St. Lawrence river pick up this glowing emblem of the Christian faith, as they head eastward for Montreal on the last log of their thousand mile sail from the open Atlantic.

(11) McGill University, nestling in the shelter of the mountain.

(12) Notre Dame, the principal Roman Catholic Church, 100 years old, which stands side by side with banks and office buildings, looking down on the spot, where Maisonneuve, founder of Montreal, with his own hand, slew an invading Iroquois chief. Its Gothic architecture resembles closely that of the great edifice of the same name in Paris.

It is flanked by two towers each 227 feet in height, while the great Bourdon, one of its bells, weighs 12 tons.

(13) Chateau de Ramezày, à quaint roughcast building near Notre Dame. This was the residence of the French Governors, and many a brilliant and historic gathering assembled in its rooms during the old régime. In its council chambers sat such men as Montcalm, Benedict Arnold, Vaudreuil and Elgin. In 1775-1776 it was the headquarters for the Continental Congress. Here Benjamin Franklin tried to persuade the Canadians to forsake the British Flag. The printing press he brought with him is still preserved.

(14) The Basilica of St. James, a replica on a reduced scale of St. Peter's in Rome.

(15) Head Office of the Bank of Montreal, which was founded in 1817.

(16) Christ Church Cathedral, the Anglican cathedral of Montreal.

(17) St. James' United Church, the largest edifice of this denomination in the city.

(18) The beautiful Presbyterian Church of St. Andrew and St. Paul.

(19) St. James Street, where in one half mile there are 26 banks.

(20) Victoria Jubilee Bridge, across the St. Lawrence River.

(21) Royal Victoria Hospital.

(22) The House with Seven Kitchens. Our guide shouted "Now we are coming to something of special interest to the ladies. In that house to our right there are seven kitchens—(of course we all looked) Mr. and Mrs. Kitchen and the five little Kitchens."

At the conclusion of this delightful drive a luncheon was given at the Queen's Hotel by the Presbytery of

Montreal, Mr. William Hansen being in the chair, and Dr. Leslie Pidgeon and Principal Smyth of the United Church of Canada College, being the speakers.

The dinner in the evening at The Mount Royal Hotel was a most enjoyable affair. Again a warm welcome was tendered the visitors.

Travelling by the south shore of the mighty St. Lawrence, shortly before reaching the city of Quebec, we crossed the famous Quebec bridge at Charny. The total length of this bridge is 3240 feet; it is 150 feet above the water, and one of the engineering triumphs of the world.

On arrival in Quebec Thursday a.m., we were transferred to the world famed Chateau Frontenac, where we had breakfast *(Grande Salle à manger en haut*—Main Dining Room upstairs).

The Chateau is on the cliff of Old Quebec, Canada's most romantic site, and was modelled on the plan of the sixteenth century French chateaux.

Quebec is the capital of the Province. In 1535 Jacques Cartier, sailing from France to discover a new way to the Indies, sailed up the magnificent river, and called it the St. Lawrence, anchoring at a little tributary, which he called St. Croix. After visiting Hochelaga (Montreal), he wintered there, returning to France the following spring. In 1608 Samuel de Champlain planted the fleur-de-lis of France on the heights of Quebec and became the real founder of New France. In 1629 Quebec fell into the hands of the British, but with the rest of the country was restored to the French in 1632. In 1690 the British again attacked it and failed, but in 1759 were successful under Wolfe, when he and the French General, Montcalm, fell in the battle of the Plains of Abraham. The whole of Canada then passed into the hands of the British. Next to Gibraltar, Quebec is the strongest fortified position in

British territory. A walled fortification with gates, surrounds the old city. The fortifications and best residential portion of the "Upper Town" are on the high land, and the business part, and the older portion of the city are at the base of the cliff along the St. Lawrence, and along the bank of the St. Charles.

The Citadel, constructed at a cost of $25,000,000 is on the highest point, facing the St. Lawrence, 340 feet above the river, and a wall from the citadel runs along the top of the promontory, between Upper and Lower Town. Inside this is the famous public promenade, known as Dufferin Terrace, and at the east end of this terrace is the Chateau Frontenac, a noble adjunct even to so grand a spot.

After breakfast at the Chateau Frontenac, we travelled by electric car to Ste. Anne de Beaupré. The route from Quebec to Ste. Anne may be compared to a splendid panorama. There are shady woodlands and green pastures, undulating hills and sparkling rivers, whose banks are lined with pretty villages, tinned spires of the parish churches rising above the rest of the houses sparkling in the sun. The Falls of Montmorency and the river St. Lawrence add a touch of grandeur to the scene. The Falls, higher than Niagara, are thunderous and imposing. Nearby is Kent House, the former home of the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria. Kent House is now a wayside inn. The past romantic history of Kent House is of much interest to visitors. It was built by General Sir Frederick Haldimand, who became Governor-General of Canada in 1778, and who, in 1782 entertained here the beautiful Baroness de Riedesel, the wife of a distinguished Brunswick General, who crossed the Atlantic in 1775 to fight for George III in the American War of Independence. The beautiful villa, the home of the late Sir Frederick

Haldimand, K.C.B., near the Falls of Montmorency, was at this time advertised for sale in the old "Quebec Gazette" of December 1st, 1791. The Royal Duke, on visiting this fine property, was so enraptured with its unrivalled situation and surroundings, that he then and there made it his summer residence during his command at Quebec of the Seventh Royal Regiment of Fusiliers. His household at this period was presided over by the charming Madame de Saint-Laurent, Baroness de Fortisson, a most amiable and comely lady. Even the old ball room and banquet hall of the Royal Duke's Canadian home, in which assisted by the lovely Baroness de Fortisson, he entertained many of the leading people of the country at dinners and "petit soupers" has been preserved intact to the present day.

Following the north shore of the St. Lawrence River on our eastward ride to Montmorency Falls and Ste. Anne de Beaupré, we had a splendid view of the Island of Orleans, which is 21 miles long and 5 miles wide. General Wolfe landed on this island, at St. Laurent, on June 27th, 1759, where he established his headquarters and commenced his campaign for the siege of Quebec.

Proceeding to Ste. Anne de Beaupré, we passed through what seemed to be one long drawn-out village all the way. In the early days, when the St. Lawrence was the safest and the only means of communication, the French-Canadians built their homes along the river for protection, hence their long narrow farms extend far back from the river front.

At the pretty village of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, one of the Brothers met us, and took us to what is called the wonder-working shrine. It is said to have been founded in the early years of the sixteenth century by a crew of Breton sailors, who had been buffeted about unmercifully

by a terrific tempest on the broad bosom of the St. Lawrence, and when all hope seemingly had fled, they vowed to build a shrine in honour of the patron saint of their dear Brittany, Ste. Anne d'Auray, should she guide them safely through the storm. They landed at last, and on the spot, where now stands the Basilica, they built their little chapel and founded the place now known as "La Bonne Sainte Anne de Beaupré." In 1922 the Basilica was destroyed by fire. A temporary wooden church was built, which was burned also in 1926. Serious damage was also caused to the new Basilica under construction. The latter is of huge proportions and presents a wonderful sight in this tiny old village just where the St. Lawrence first spreads out into mighty width. It is a combination of the Roman and Gothic architecture, with capacity for 5,000 persons.

The church is filled with gifts lavished upon it during more than two centuries by Roman Catholics from all parts of the world, among the most valuable being a chasuble, made by Anne of Austria, Queen of Louis XIII, and given by her to the shrine, as a thankoffering for the birth of Louis XIV. At the door may be seen the grotesque pyramids of crutches.

Beyond the Basilica we saw the Santa Scala or sacred stairway, which the devout ascend upon their knees, offering a prayer on every step. We saw a young mother, with two tiny sons, one on each side, ascending the stairway in this fashion.

In the Cyclorama building opposite the station, many of the party saw a wonderful oil painting, considered one of the world's masterpieces, of the Holy City of Jerusalem. This celebrated picture is 45 feet in height by 360 feet in length, and is not only an object of enthusiastic admiration, but is regarded with peculiar feelings of

reverence by pilgrims, who visit the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré.

The tents in the foreground, nestling as it were beneath the grim gray walls, which surround the Holy City, the remarkable light of the lurid sky, the flittering shadows cast over the country by the fast sinking sun, playing here and there over the fortification walls, over the roof of the Jewish Temple, tumbling across the brown streets and then across the serried plains to the Mount of Olives beyond. The solemnity of the mysterious scene being enacted, is unfolded to one's startled vision flashing with a majestic grandeur of beauty, almost next to impossible to describe in cold words, which hesitatingly rise to one's fervid lips.

In the centre of the scene one beholds a figure representing the Saviour, hanging on the Cross, the weeping Mother at the feet of Her Son, with Mary Magdalene consoling Her; and standing near, with bowed heads, the Apostles mourn for their departed Lord and Master with St. Veronica and Joseph of Arimathaea. The soldiers of the Roman Legion, leaning on their spears, appear to be out of place in the surrounding sacred atmosphere. Almost forgotten on either side of the Crucified Saviour, stand out the crosses, with the two impaled thieves upon them.

Many visitors, who have seen the painting of the Battle of Gettysburg and the Siege of Paris, have acknowledged that this painting is Paul Philippotaux's masterpiece. The work for the execution of this picture lasted four years, besides the spending of one year's studying and seeking at Jerusalem.

Having taken a last look at this famous painting, we returned to Quebec for luncheon at the Chateau Frontenac. Two hours later, cars, provided by the local entertainment

committee, took us to "Spencerwood" the palatial residence of the Lieutenant Governor of Quebec. Here Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Carroll, with Mrs. Taschereau, wife of the Premier of Quebec, honoured us by a cordial welcome to Government House. While refreshments were being served on the spacious lawn overlooking the St. Lawrence, an orchestra lent added charm to this joyous fête.

We were then treated to a sight-seeing drive of two hours around Quebec, by our hosts. We went to Levis Bridge, Battlefield Park, the Parliament Buildings, whose motto is, "I remember well," The Basilica, The Laval Monument, St. Louis Gate, the house where Montcalm made his headquarters, Notre Dame des Victories, Church of Norman architecture, and Little Champlain Street, typical of the very quaint, narrow streets in Quebec.

It will not be an easy matter to forget dinner that night at the Chateau Frontenac, after the drive around old Quebec. Those of us, who sat near the French windows in the dining room, feasted on the magnificent panorama unrolled before our eyes, as well as on the delectable victuals provided by the Chateau.

In the absence of Premier Taschereau, who was unable to be present at the dinner, the Hon. Jacob Nicol, Provincial Treasurer, honoured us by his presence and gave an excellent address. He emphasized the fact that two great races in Quebec, with points of difference between them, lived side by side as brothers, each one giving of its best to a united and prosperous Canada.

Rev. W. H. Stevens and Rev. A. D. Mathieson spoke words of welcome, which were responded to by Mrs. James McKinney of Claresholm, Alberta, a former member of the Alberta legislature, and the first woman to be elected to any legislature within the British Empire.

Dr. Crews, the chairman, announced that there would be an innovation: "No big dinners (groans!), no big speeches (O joy!) for the next three days." After all we were just human.

Some—I wonder who—strolled on Dufferin Terrace that night, or sat upon the benches, that look down upon the lights of the lower town, and the moving lights upon the water. There is probably no more romantic spot upon this earth. The myriad windows of the Chateau Frontenac cast a subdued radiance, while its towers pinnacle against the sky. The black mass of the fortress looms jaggedly above. It is truly a delightful sight, and it was with reluctance that one returned to the Chateau and to bed for we had to be up early in the morning to board the Str. Saguenay on our way to the Saguenay River.

At seven o'clock next morning we left historic Quebec for a sail down the St. Lawrence to the famous Saguenay. It was a matter of deep regret to all, that our Chief, Dr. Fallis, was not with us, he having had to return to Toronto from Quebec owing to ill health. However, as we were in the capable hands of Dr. Crews, who succeeded Dr. Fallis, Mr. T. C. Harrison, Assistant Chief, and Mr. Reginald A. Burch, representative of the Canadian National Railways, all went well with us.

The sail along the south shore of the Isle of Orleans was a welcome change. We saw miles and miles of long narrow farms, whose verdure against the blue gray of the Laurentian mountains, thirty miles distant, presented a picture which we shall never lose.

To add to our enjoyment, a good orchestra provided music. We stopped at St. Irenee, and at Murray Bay about noon. We walked up street to see the quaint shops, many having purchased souvenirs, post cards, etc. We admired the famous Murray Bay homespuns. Here we saw the

new Manoir Richelieu Hotel, an immense modern building, unique for its variety of sport and excellence of equipment. The new eighteen hole golf course, built high in the Laurentian Mountains, overlooking an eighty-mile sweep of the St. Lawrence, is one of the finest on the continent. Saddle horses and inviting mountain trails, a heated salt water swimming pool and tennis all call one out of doors to enjoy the exhilarating air which carries the scent of the balsam mingled with the freshness of the salty sea.

At 7.30 p.m. we arrived at Tadoussac, a little French village located on a bay, just where the Saguenay River flows into the St. Lawrence. It is the oldest settlement in Canada and at one time was the rendezvous of Indian fur traders and explorers. Here we saw the first church of America, built in 1647 by the Indians. The bell, which rang 200 years ago, is in use today, and is rung every night at nine o'clock. Only a stone's throw from the old church is the modern hotel Tadoussac, owned and operated by the Canada Steamship Lines. For the entertainment of guests, the Company has provided a nine-hole golf course near the hotel, and one of the finest fishing camps in Canada. Six large lakes stocked with rainbow trout invite those who like fishing, to an afternoon of real sport. We saw a fine sandy beach here, and beautiful surroundings, isolated as it seemed from the rest of the world. For here we found ourselves in the midst of another land, in the centre of an age long past. Here the rude habitant carts, drawn by slow-moving oxen, the gaily-dressed French-Canadian children, the blossoming flowers in the cottage gardens, and the vivid colors of the houses and stores all seemed strange to us. Life in these villages is much the same as it was in France centuries ago. The spinning wheel and the loom are still used to make the

homespun, which clothes the family, and it is from these looms that the famous Murray Bay homespuns, blankets and spreads are produced.

The little French children in Tadoussac endeavour to meet the boats every day, and sing their songs for money from the tourists. It was fun to see them scramble for the coins tossed to them. One little chap played the accordion for all he was worth, and the whole troop sang The Marseillaise lustily.

We made the trip up the Saguenay in the early evening, and our steamer moored for the night at Bagotville, the terminus of the through steamers from Montreal. Considerable development has taken place here in recent years in the pulp and lumber industries. It is also the terminus of the Ha Ha Bay Railway, operating to the town of Arvida. As a result of unlimited electric power an immense plant was erected at Arvida for the manufacture of aluminum products.

The next morning we found ourselves at Chicoutimi, the head of navigation on the Saguenay. The Chicoutimi River here joins the Saguenay. The growing town of Arvida is about four miles inland from Chicoutimi. Charmingly situated on a hill, Chicoutimi seems to form a little world of its own. Its name seems to be singularly appropriate, meaning in Montagnaise dialect, "up to here it is deep." Chicoutimi was one of the earliest Jesuit Missions and a great fur-trading centre.

Many of our party climbed the hill to the Roman Catholic cathedral early in the morning. To our surprise we saw a beautiful church of immense proportions. Mass was being sung when we entered.

Leaving the church, we bought post cards at a large, up-to-date drug store, and passed Woolworth's on our way back to the steamer. We noticed some very fine residences

in Chicoutimi. Across the river, nestling in the side of a high hill, is the village of Ste. Anne de Chicoutimi.

We left Chicoutimi in the morning, thus enjoying the trip down the dark and mysterious Saguenay to best advantage. After we passed St. Alphonse on the downward trip, settlement ceased; then as the panorama gradually unfolded itself, the great river continued to grow more solemn and awe-inspiring, until the climax was reached at Capes Trinity and Eternity, about midway between Chicoutimi and Tadoussac. They are on the south shore, 1,800 feet in height, and face one another with a small bay intervening, standing guard over these black waters, and dwarf the largest ships to insignificance. Cape Trinity is the more westerly of the two, and while one mountain, it has three elevations, as seen from the Saguenay, hence its name. It appeared as if it might fall over and crush the steamer. Thrice happy were those of us who found the Indian profile on the foot of the Cape. Just above the Indian head, and standing out prominently from the Cape, is Notre Dame du Saguenay, a beautiful statue erected in 1881 by Charles Napoleon Robitaille who was suddenly struck with an incurable disease on one of his voyages up the river. He made a vow that he would erect a statue in honor of the Virgin if he lived ten years longer. After the time elapsed, he kept his promise. The statue is 25 feet high, with an outer covering of heavy lead.

A little farther down the river, a gasoline launch approached us from a tiny village at the foot of the mountains. She carried passengers who boarded our steamer, while some passengers, who went aboard with us at Chicoutimi, got into the launch. Soon our good ship reached Tadoussac, where we stayed for ten minutes. Then we sailed southwest, crossing the wide estuary of the St. Lawrence, and disembarked at Rivière du Loup in Quebec,

where we again boarded our DeLuxe train. The Falls of Wolf River, which bisect this town, attracted us less than the smiling faces of our porters, standing beside the train, which we now called home.

Soon our giant locomotive had to be replaced by two ordinary engines because now we were to cross lighter bridges. Before we turned southward to cross the Gaspé peninsula, we passed dense forests and skirted rocky shores. Surely this was not the section, famous for its big shipments of potatoes, and yet the neat farm homes and massive churches bespoke a thrifty people engaged in farming, fishing and lumbering, and convinced us that it must be so.

CHAPTER III

THE UNSPOILED PROVINCE

Travelling southward, Campbellton came to view, and before dawn we had traversed central New Brunswick. Imagine our joy, when peeping from our sleeping-car windows, we beheld the broad St. John, and the spires of tree-embowered Fredericton, so beloved by tourists.

Our train was drawn up on a siding convenient to the churches. After breakfast in the dining car, we took a stroll along the broad elm-shaded streets, before going to St. Paul's United Church, where Rev. A. C. Crews, D.D., leader of our party, delivered an eloquent and convincing sermon from the text: "For this is right." Ephesians 6:1.

Fredericton, the capital of New Brunswick, the Unspoiled Province, stands on the site of St. Anne's, an old ruined Acadian village. It was first settled by loyalists, who arrived there in 1783. There were then only three old French houses standing. The first winter was very trying, and there was much hardship, due to exposure and lack of supplies. When Governor Carleton in 1785 first decided on its erection, he named it Frederick Town in honour of the second son of George III, who was Bishop of Osnaburg.

The city of Fredericton, with a population of about 10,000, was laid out by English military engineers during the latter part of the 18th century, and its broad streets of checker board formation, made it quite clear that they had modern ideas of town planning. It was a Scotchman, a university professor, who, when the city was incorporated in 1848, designed the coat of arms and suggested the Latin inscription: *"Fredericopolis Silvae Filia Nobilis,"* which in our language means "Fredericton, Noble Daughter of

the Forest." The city embraces a territory of 17,360 acres, or nearly two acres to each inhabitant, which means that there is abundant room for visitors. A stranger, visiting Fredericton, with its population of only 10,000, and gazing in wonder at her level elm-shaded boulevards, is very apt to ask in the words of the immortal Burns, "Why God made the gem so small, and why so huge the granite?" And the answer will naturally suggest itself, "because God intended mankind should place the greater value on it."

We saw (1) The Parliament Buildings. A number of beautiful oil paintings adorn the walls of the Assembly Chamber, including those of King George III and his consort, Queen Charlotte, from the brush of the famous artist, Sir Joshua Reynolds. The library of the Legislative Building includes among its volumes Audobon's book of birds, once the property of King Louis Philippe of France, and valued at $20,000. A copy of the Old Domesday Book may be seen in one of the library vaults. In the Judges' Chamber may be seen a wonderful old table, brought from New York by the Loyalists, and around which the first Governors' Council sat in the early days of the province. Unfortunately we did not see the interior of the Parliament Buildings, as it was Sunday.

(2) Christchurch Cathedral, which stands amid a grove of old elms, poplars and maples on the bank of the St. John. This has been described as "The first cathedral foundation on English soil, since the Norman Conquest." It is said to be the best example of pure Gothic architecture in the Dominion. It is almost an exact copy of the Anglican church in Snettisham, England. This beautiful cathedral stands as a monument to the faith of good Bishop Medley, first bishop of the diocese of Fredericton. He worked very hard to get sufficient funds for its building. When the

walls were about four or five feet high, the money gave out, and the work had to be stopped. The Bishop spent the whole night in prayer. The next English mail brought a letter from a firm of lawyers, enclosing a cheque for £500 sterling from friends in England, who were to remain anonymous. The only stipulation was that the initials "F.S.M." should be put in the cathedral in a conspicuous place in the interior. This request was of course fulfilled.

The cathedral contains a recumbent statue of Bishop Medley, placed near the east end of the nave. The east window is of exceptional beauty, Trinity Church, New York, having contributed 100 guineas towards its cost.

One of the treasures of the cathedral is the gold altar cloth, which was used in Westminster Abbey at the coronation of George IV and Queen Adelaide. These things become the perquisites of the prebendary after the coronation, and in this case Prebendary Edwards presented it to Bishop Medley for his cathedral. It is used on state occasions and for high festivals of the church.

(3) Robbie Burns' Monument, and The Soldiers' Memorial Monument, of which Fredericton may be justly proud.

(4) The Fraser Memorial Hospital, donated to the city by the late Donald Fraser, who came to New Brunswick in 1873 with his family from Aberdeen, Scotland, and founded what is now one of the leading industrial concerns of the Dominion.

(5) Old Government House, erected in 1828, where King Edward VII was entertained during his visit to Fredericton as Prince of Wales, in 1860.

(6) The Soldiers' Barracks, for many years the home of famous British regiments and Canadian troops.

(7) The Old Burying Ground, established in the 18th century by the Loyalists. The first interment was the body

of Sir Anthony Foster, an Irish Baronet. We read several quaint inscriptions on the tombstones—links which connect the city and its history with the most momentous periods of life on the American continent.

(8) Benedict Arnold's Homestead. This famous contortionist of revolutionary war days made his home in Fredericton for some years after the restoration of peace. The site of his home, which was known as Rose Hall, is at the corner of Waterloo Row and Lansdowne Street. He built and launched ships near a creek, at the lower end of the city.

(9) Old Robinson Homestead, on the eastern bank of the river, was erected in 1800 by Col. Beverley Robinson, who commanded a loyal American regiment during the revolutionary war. He was a close personal friend of George Washington, and it was at his home in Lower New York that Washington met the beautiful Mary Philipse, the Colonel's sister-in-law, who, according to tradition, refused his hand in marriage. Col. Robinson and his family were deported from the United States at the close of the war. At his Nashwaakis home he kept negro slaves who occupied cells partitioned off in the basement.

(10) The King's Provision Store, where the first Legislature met in Fredericton in 1788. This historic building is marked by a brass tablet.

(11) The frame house, birthplace of Bliss Carman, eminent Canadian poet.

After luncheon in the dining car we enjoyed a beautiful eighteen mile drive to attend an open air service in Sheffield church, founded in 1763,—a unique country church in the historic style of the New England meeting house. We passed through the town of Devon, the Malacete Indian Reserve, and crossed an old covered bridge over the Nashwaah River. Here we saw a great potato

and hay country, and some fine apple orchards. The red, sandy soil is not suited to crops of wheat, oats and barley. The overflow from the rivers every spring produces fertile soil. The absence of bank barns in this section is due to the fact that the farmers grow small crops.

We passed through Maugerville, the oldest English settlement on the St. John River. It was settled by colonists from Massachusetts in 1763, twenty years before the arrival of the Loyalists. Naturally the sympathy of these people was anti-British during the Revolutionary War.

The water marks on the houses along the St. John River showed to what extent the river had overflowed.

As we drove along, we saw the soldiers on their way to camp at Sussex.

On the Sheffield Church site a gray granite monument, erected in 1926, appealed forcibly to us. The following is the inscription thereon:—"Sheffield Church Covenant, 1763. We, whose names are hereto subscribed, apprehending ourselves called of God, combine and embody ourselves into a distinct church society. It is our purpose to discharge the duties of Christian love and brotherly watchfulness, and to join together in setting up and maintaining the public worship of God, and we earnestly pray that God will be pleased to smile upon this our undertaking for His Glory." Signed: Jonathan Burper, Elisha Nevers, Richard Estey, Daniel Palmer, Gervas Say, Edward Coy, Jonathan Smith, Jacob Barker and Humphrey Pickard, clerk. As I was writing these names in my notebook, an elderly man, by name Daniel Palmer, approached us and proudly said that his great-great-grandfather's name was inscribed on this monument. He said that his great-great-grandfather, discouraged by the floods in the Sheffield district, moved 20 miles back to the higher lands.

We walked through the old cemetery on the opposite

side of the church. Here were the graves of the descendants of those who came to America in the Mayflower in 1620.

An out-door service had been specially arranged in this historic spot to welcome the New Outlook visitors. The church's story was given in detail by the minister at the service. He told us that the lot upon which we sat was in Sunburry County, and was set apart in 1764 as glebe for the Protestant church; that many of our forefathers came from this district. The present building, built in 1845, was the second church, some timber from the old church having been used. From an architectural viewpoint, Sheffield church is characterized by simplicity and chastity, but thoughts of architecture are not foremost in one's mind, when viewing this temple. Its very graves bear evidence of God's blessing upon generation after generation of them that loved Him.

The words of the opening hymn of the service: "O God our help in ages past," stirred us as never before. Never shall we lose the impressions of that truly holy place.

As we motored home—to our train—our thoughts hovered in the storied past, and the realization of what a blessed heritage was ours, dawned upon us. Surely God had been good to us!

In the evening some of the party attended service in Wilmot United Church, where Mrs. James McKinney of Claresholm, Alta., one of our number, was the preacher. Some went to Christchurch Cathedral, and others to St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church.

From Fredericton, rich in religious and political history, our train turned down the St. John valley for a few days among the cities and resorts of the Bay of Fundy and the Chignecto.

We followed the course of the St. John, a beautiful

body of water, which runs through a more beautiful country. Among the Micmac Indians the St. John River was known as the "Oolastook," and the Malacete Indians called it the "Wigoudi" or highway, as it had been used for centuries as a means of navigation for warlike expeditions. The Indian village of Auxpaque, where the Malacetes held their councils of war, was located on the river bank six miles above Fredericton. Just opposite is Currie's Mountain, an extinct volcano, which stands sentinel-like at the head of the tide. It was on Sugar Island, almost opposite Auxpaque, that the Indians gave the white settlers the first lesson in the art of making sugar from the sap of the maple trees.

When the world was young, Glooscap, a mighty warrior, endowed with supernatural powers, whom the Indians talk about until this day, brought about some important changes in the St. John River. When he visited St. John with his mother and Martin, his little servant, the red men complained that the beaver, then an enormous animal, had made navigation difficult on the St. John, by building dams at several points. Glooscap got busy at once. He found a dam at the head of the harbour, and he promptly pushed it out into the bay, and it is still there, and is known as Partridge Island. On being told of another dam, at what is now known as Grand Falls, late in the winter he journeyed up river on snowshoes and tore it to pieces. On the return trip, his snowshoes became burdensome, and at what is now known as Central Kingsclear, twelve miles above Fredericton, he threw them off and converted them into islands. These islands, a right and a left, are still there and are known among the Indians as "Snowshoe Islands."

The St. John River rises in the State of Maine and the Province of Quebec, and is 450 miles in length. It is the

second largest river on the Atlantic seaboard, and with its numerous tributaries drains a territory of approximately 30,000 square miles. The first white man to set eyes on this mighty river was Samuel de Champlain, the intrepid French explorer, who discovered it on June 24th, 1604, the day of St. John the Baptist; and being a man of deep religious convictions, he gave it the name of that illustrious saint.

Journeying southward we rejoiced to see a lovely level farming country, and many cultivated islands softly wooded, with willows and elms. Approaching St. John the river narrows suddenly, through a high rocky gorge. Here occurs the Reversing Falls, a conflict between the river flowing down and the sea tide rising. When the tide is out, occasioning a drop of some twenty-six feet, an incredible volume of water rushes down, plunging, roaring through the gorge, and leaving a confusion of eddies, and whirlpools in its wake. But six hours later, Fundy thrusts back the advance of the river,—thrusts and pushes and triumphs, squeezing it between those tortured rocks and for a distance actually running "uphill."

There is an interesting Indian legend which explains the phenomenon of the Reversing Falls. It runs thus:—The Indians complained to Glooscap that because of the strong current in the river, they had difficulty in paddling their canoes up the river. He at once gave orders to have the water run up stream half the time as far as Currie's Mountain, and down stream the remainder of the time. So said, so done, and it is so even to the present day. Thus the legendary explanation of a scenic marvel, the only reversing falls in the world. The Indians tell us that when Glooscap left New Brunswick, he travelled on the back of a whale to "a beautiful land in the West," and they are confident that some day he will return and right

the wrongs which they claim to have suffered at the hands of the White Men.

The history of this part of New Brunswick reads like a novel. The story of Madame de la Tour, for example, is but one of the romances that come to our mind. Charles Amador de la Tour, Lieut.-General to the King of France, established himself in a fort at St. John harbour in 1635, and developed a large trade in furs. This angered D'Aulnay de Charnisay, the Lieut.-Governor, because at Port Royal, his own headquarters, the fur trading facilities were poor. After a series of intrigues and fights, Charnisay attacked the fort in Saint John in 1645 when La Tour was in Boston, and Madame La Tour was in charge. The latter made a heroic defence, but was beaten, her garrison hanged, and the fort destroyed. Her own death followed in a few weeks. La Tour, shorn of his power and possessions, became a wanderer, and his rival became sole ruler in Acadie. After the death of the latter in 1650, La Tour went to France, and induced the King to appoint him sole governor of Acadie. He returned and settled in St. John, in the fort built by Charnisay on the west side of the harbour, and married the widow of his old enemy. In 1654, when the country was taken by the English, in the time of Cromwell, he received a new grant of land, and continued to live in St. John until he died in 1666. He was probably buried near the fort. He left several children, and there are descendants to this day in the province.

We were fortunate in travelling from Fredericton to St. John by daylight, as every scene, every vista is a link with the gallant deeds of an age long past.

Mr. D. J. Wagner, of Ottawa, a member of our party said: "I enjoyed the trip along the bank of the St. John River very much. I attended the Normal School in Fred-

ericton in 1879. When we arrived in Fredericton, I looked for this building, but was informed that it had been destroyed by fire a short time ago. I was born and brought up on the other bank of the St. John at Land's End, about eleven miles as the crow flies from St. John. Our train stopped especially at Westfield Beach to let me off so that I might visit the old homestead. When I stepped off the train, I seemed to be walking on air, and the reality of Scott's poem thrilled me:

> "Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said
> This is my own, my native land?"

Mr. Wagner said, "I was sorry to see the graveyard where my father and mother were buried, so neglected. It was overgrown with bushes and weeds. Many tombstones dating from the seventeenth century had fallen down. I noticed several graveyards in the Maritimes sadly neglected, due largely to the fact that great numbers of their sons and daughters are now living in the West and the New England States.

"I wish I could write a book on this subject to rouse public opinion, as I think the graves of these noble pioneers are deserving of expressions of respect."

Mr. Wagner continued: "I was much disappointed in looking around my old home to see such small fields of crop. When I was a boy, we had acres of crop, where now they have only small patches. The farmers say they can make as much money off these small plots as when I was on the farm, so why worry? The same applies to the raising of live stock. They have not one-tenth as much as in the old days. The Maritimes need increased production; they need industries that will provide employment for the young people at home."

To Mr. Wagner I owe the explanation of the term "Blue Nose," commonly applied to the people of the Maritimes. Very few Westerners have the right idea of its meaning. The Maritimes were settled after the French by Scotch, English and Irish. After the American War of Independence, many who fought for England had their property confiscated and left the country; in 1783 large numbers of these U. E. Loyalists arrived at St. John, Halifax and Prince Edward Island. They took a prominent part in the conduct of the government, many having been teachers, doctors, lawyers, etc., for they were generally better educated than the first British settlers. Now, the latter grew jealous of the U. E. Loyalists, and in derision called them "Blue Nose." The newcomers did not resent this and the name stuck. Only the descendants of the U. E. Loyalists can claim this distinction.

Mr. Wagner got this information from his grandfather, who was one of the early settlers.

On the bank of the Nerepis River, not far from Mr. Wagner's old home, is the Manor of General Coffin, who, after the American War of Independence, escaped from the United States with his family and two negro slaves. The States offered a reward of £10,000 for his head. New Brunswick granted him 1,000 acres of the best land in this part. After the slaves gained their freedom, General Coffin's old negro slave and his wife never claimed theirs, but lived on with the General until their death. His home, the Manor, is now in possession of Mr. Wagner's cousin, Richard Borden, of Boston.

Mr. Wagner had dinner with his two brothers and two sisters at the old homestead, and then joined our party at the Admiral Beatty Hotel, our headquarters in St. John.

The grey and ancient city of St. John, climbing over its surrounding hills, is the oldest incorporated town in

British North America, and the largest city in New Brunswick. It is situated on the Bay of Fundy, where the St. John River runs into the sea.

Champlain has left an interesting account of his first visit to the harbour of St. John, June 24th, 1604. He entered by the channel on the east side of Partridge Island. On Navy Island, near the Carleton side, he found an Indian encampment and a large cabin, which was arranged for defence against enemies. Their name for the site of Parr Town, or the main site of modern St. John was "Menah-Queck."

The Indians were inclined to be friendly, and were anxious to trade for trinkets, knives, etc. It was quite evident that they had met Europeans before. The French soon cultivated the friendship of the Big Chief of the River, Choudun, and he proved a helpful ally. In 1605 he took Champlain to the Basin of Minas to show him the location of a copper mine.

St. John's growth dates back from 1783, when five thousand U. E. Loyalists settled on the present site. A Royal Charter, dated May 17th, 1785, incorporated Parr Town and Carleton as the city of St. John.

In 1787 it was decided to establish a system of fire protection, several wells being sunk, and two fire engines purchased.

The first Episcopal Church, old Trinity, was begun in 1788, the corner stone being laid by Rev. Dr. Inglis, first Anglican bishop in British North America. It was opened for use on Christmas Day, 1791. In 1812 a steeple was added and a clock placed in it, the only public clock in the city for many years; it continued in service until the church was burned in 1877.

On June 16th, 1794 there were great celebrations in the city in connection with the first visit of a member of

the British Royal Family, Edward, Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria.

The first grist mill in St. John was built soon after the Loyalists arrived, and was run by wind power. It was behind Trinity Church.

When the War of 1812 broke out, American privateers infested the coasts, and several vessels of this character were outfitted by St. John citizens in the hope of making gains at sea. Defensive measures were undertaken, a Martello Tower being built on Lancaster Heights, Fort Frederick repaired and strengthened, and batteries erected on Partridge Island and other prominent points. The conclusion of the war brought from the Southern States several hundred black slaves, who had sought refuge on British war vessels. They were settled on Loch Lomond, where their descendants are still to be found.

In January, 1837, a great fire caused much destruction of property, one hundred and fifteen houses and nearly all the business part of the city being burned.

In 1838 the first penny paper ever published in the British Empire was started as a tri-weekly by George E. Fenety, being named "The Saint John News." It continued until recent times.

In 1839 another destructive fire occurred, by which nearly 3,000 people were made homeless. A special session of Legislature was called and an Act was passed for the better prevention of fires in St. John. In spite of this effort, other fires followed, a most devastating one occurring in November 1841.

In 1877, the city was swept by one of the most disastrous fires of modern times, 2,700 families and 13,000 people being rendered homeless. The property loss was estimated at $27,000,000, on which insurance was held for only $7,000,000. The city was rebuilt, but it was many years

before recovery from this terrible catastrophe took place. Fire and tide have changed the face of old St. John, but at heart it is still a city of the sea.

In recent years its growth has been slow. As R. W. Burnaby, Trade Commissioner for the Maritimes, says: "The pre-Confederation days—days of the wooden ships and iron men—were days of prosperity for the Maritimes. Ships were then built on the shores, laden with native products, manned by local men and sailing to foreign countries, where there was a demand for these products. Each Province had its own trade treaties and collected its own duties. Those were the days when the Maritimes knew more prosperity than any other part of Canada. Then came Confederation, and there was reason for pride, remembering the part that the Maritimes had played in Confederation. Later came the replacement of wooden ships by iron, and a period of depression. The secessionist party grew; the 'Maritime Rights campaign' came into existence. But the Duncan Commission report has brought encouragement, and has had a fine effect on the morale of the Maritimes. The future of the Maritimes is closely linked with the implementing of this report. A greater development of the winter ports at St. John and Halifax will bring increased prosperity to the Provinces-by-the-Sea."

The women of St. David's United Church were our hostesses in St. John. Addresses giving welcome information about New Brunswick followed a sumptuous luncheon in the Memorial Hall of the church. We were told that June 24th, that very day, was the three hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the landing of the French at this place. What a privilege and joy was ours to join with the citizens of this ancient city on so memorable an occasion!

Among the speakers was one of our four "octogeraniums," as Dr. Crews flatteringly styled them,—Rev. A. Henderson, D.D., of Windthorst, Sask., the others being Mr. Thos. Hilliard, of Waterloo; Mr. H. Metcalfe, of Wellesville, N.Y., and Rev. Joshua Dyke, of Fort William. These four gentlemen, though over 80 years of age, were in full bloom all along the way. Dr. Henderson, who was in his 88th year preached twice in Fredericton the preceding day. In his remarks at the close of the luncheon in the Memorial Hall, he said "The wise men came from the East, but the West widens their horizon." He also told about the woman, who, when asked by the minister "Wilt thou have this man for better, for worse?" replied, "I'll take him just as he is. If he gets better, I'll tell the good Lord; if he gets worse, I'll handle him myself."

Another speaker described the great scenic beauties of New Brunswick,—of rivers which twist and turn for many miles of forest-clad slopes; of the rugged grandeur of rock-girt shores; of mountain peaks; of broad and verdant meadows, with the shimmering waters of the ocean beyond.

During the afternoon drive, provided by kind churchmen and citizens of St. John, the famous Reversing Falls failed to reverse, but we graciously accepted the assurances of our hosts, and then turned to feast on the beauty spots by which their persecuted but persistent city is surrounded.

The Kennebecasis River, which combines the ruggedness of the Saguenay and the placidness of the St. John, was of special interest to us. Along the way we saw the great dry dock, which may yet be the means of restoring much of the city's former glory. Although St. John has not kept pace with some of the eastern cities, she possesses a determination to adjust herself to new conditions and to overcome all obstacles.

We soon learned that St. John, a city of hills, is built on a rocky peninsula. In the centre of the city, and near our hotel, we saw the Loyalist Burying Ground. Grave stones date from 1784, the year after St. John was founded by Loyalists. Farther on in the St. John Cemetery, we saw the marine and army lots, where rest the remains of the sailors and soldiers. Then we went to Brookville to see the lime kiln. The lime manufactured here, for making white-wash, is exported in large quantities. In this locality there are huge quantities of natural rock.

Driving along the beautiful Kennebecasis River, we stopped at the Riverside Golf Club House, which overlooks the river. From this point one sees high purple hills, and glistening stretches of river. Rothesay, a charming summer colony on the Kennebecasis, nine miles northeast of St. John, was the next stop. This is the home of Major-General the Hon. Hugh H. McLean, Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, and His Honour's beautiful home and entrancing grounds of "The Grove," now Government House, constitute one of the show places of Rothesay.

Passing along we noticed a wooden cross on the roadside, to mark the scene of an accident. We drove over nine miles of tar road, the only paved road in New Brunswick, all other roads being gravel. For a long distance there was dense bush on either side. After we left the tar road behind, we travelled over reddish gravel, which one sees everywhere in New Brunswick. Little lakes greeted us at frequent turns, and wild rose bushes growing along the roadside.

Soon we arrived at old Fort Howe, which Madame de la Tour held. It was delightful here to look down upon the magnificent harbour, strewn with ships at anchor. In the thin fog, when grey ghosts of vessels moved stealthily

to the clamour of bells and hoarse-voiced horns, when their green lights quiver and their red ones look like a faint blush in the mist, the sheer beauty of the scene grips one.

Driving to Rockwood Park, we saw a large tract of wooded land, with navigable lake, bird sanctuary and bathing. This park is the centre of world and international skating championships.

On the way home, we met a school van, carrying pupils from one of the consolidated schools, of which New Brunswick has several. On inquiry I learned that consolidation is working out well there.

Everywhere we looked we saw fragrant lilac bushes in bloom, some as tall as fifteen feet.

We viewed King Square and Queen Square with Memorial bronze statues and restful seats. This is the rendezvous for band concerts.

The Market Slip at the foot of King Street, is where the Loyalist founders landed in 1783, twenty schooner loads of them. A memorial boulder, Plymouth Rock, marks the site, and the first log cabins were hewn and erected nearby.

We were also interested in the historic Court House on King Square, in pure ancient Grecian architecture, and the old Martello Tower.

We observed that preparations were under way for a government outlay of $5,000,000 on St. John's new water front.

At the conclusion of the afternoon sight-seeing drive we had evening dinner in the Admiral Beatty Hotel, and were honoured by the presence of The Hon. J. B. Baxter Premier of New Brunswick and Dr. W. W. White, the Mayor of St. John, who were eloquent speakers. The former emphasized the fact that huge quantities of fish potatoes and lumber were exported from New Brunswick

adding that the lumber export had been restricted on account of the opening of the Panama Canal. He also referred to their export of the highest quality of live stock—men—who held many of the leading positions in the Dominion. He drew attention to New Brunswick's immense pulp industry, and her great paper mills. "Since Confederation we have not kept pace with the Western Provinces," said the Premier, "but part of the fault has been our own. We need help from the rest of Canada to catch up."

The response to the address of welcome from the Premier and Mayor was suitably given by Rev. E. C. South of Port Rowan, Ont.

The next day, through almost constant fog, we motored southwest from St. John 68 miles, to St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, the most resplendent of Eastern Canada's summer resorts. In proportion to its size and population, St. Andrews contains more magnificent homes and attracts more prominent people than any other resort in Canada.

Our car passed over a good gravel road and through beautiful scenery,—a perfect land of enchantment. To our surprise forests primeval lined both sides of the road for long distances, and the unusual flora of the tamarac woods caught our eyes,—wild iris, lilac, star of Bethlehem, and wild cotton.

We reached the Algonquin Hotel, our headquarters for the day, in time for lunch. It is a building of which the architecture is appreciated by even the most insensitive person. The hotel is a fireproof building, concrete and stucco, with a red-tiled roof, and a pleasant touch of antiquity is achieved by the cultivation of creeping vines and flowers. Nearly every one of its 250 rooms commands a glorious view of the bay, which washes St. Andrews on three sides. No attempt is made at ostentation, but the

furnishings of the Algonquin reflects that taste and simplicity whose outward result is pleasure to the eye. If "cosy" could be applied to proportions of such magnitude, then "cosiness" is the dominant note.

After lunch we walked down to Passamaquoddy Bay, where looking across the water, we saw the state of Maine. It was a rare delight to gather sea-weed and shells down by the ocean.

Some of us were loath to leave St. Andrews-by-the-Sea without seeing Greenock Presbyterian Church (St. Andrew's), which was finished building in 1824. Rev. John Cassilis was the first Presbyterian minister to preach in St. Andrew's, and also the first to conduct divine service in Greenock church. Very soon after he began his work among the people, so strong a stimulus was given to Presbyterianism, that the work of erecting a place of worship of their own, was earnestly and energetically undertaken. The foundations of what was destined to become one of the most beautiful sacred edifices of its day, were laid, the framework erected and boarded in, and the roof partially shingled, when the funds became exhausted, and in that unfinished condition, the building stood until November 1822.

There lived in those days in the town of St. Andrews one Christopher Scott, a man of Scottish birth, possessed of an iron will, of irresistible determination, and extensive wealth. At a public dinner held during the autumn of 1822, where Mr. Scott was present, a friend and follower of the Episcopal denomination made an uncomplimentary reference to the unsuccessful attempt of the "Presbyterian Saints" to build a church of their own. Mr. Scott was filled with resentment; the pride of one of Scotland's most loyal sons was touched; the indignation of a determined Scotchman was stirred to the utmost, and in language mor

forcible than elegant, which he accentuated with a heavy blow from his fist on the table, he informed his Episcopal friend and all present that he would let it be seen that the Presbyterians of St. Andrews could have a church of their own, and a fine one too.

Captain Christopher Scott proved himself to be a man of deeds as well as words, for immediately following the declaration contained in his after dinner speech, he took full charge of the work of finishing the church in the month of November, 1822, and according to his own tastes, at his sole and individual cost, and apparently without regard to expense, he pushed on to completion what was then one of the most beautiful and costly of the church buildings in the Province, and what is still an object of keen admiration, because of its perfect proportions and superior architectural design.

The building is of the Colonial style of architecture, two stories high, and has been constantly kept painted in snow white colour. The interior finish is rich and costly. A gallery occupies two sides and the southwest end, supported by ten pillars of solid bird's-eye maple, grown in Charlotte County; the facing of the gallery is of solid mahogany and bird's-eye maple, and finished in panel work of artistic design. In each of the four corners of the ceiling, is a large Scotch thistle, emblems of the land so dearly loved by the one who finished the building. The most striking and beautiful part of the interior of this interesting and historic old church is found in its pulpit. This sacred structure, for perfection in its proportions and design, and richness of finish, is a marvel of beauty and excellence. It rises to a height on a level with the gallery and makes perfect the acoustic properties of the building. It is composed entirely of mahogany and bird's-eye maple, the mahogany having been brought from

Honduras by a West India trader, sent there by Captain Scott specially for that purpose. Mr. Gordon Gilchrist was in charge of the work, in the construction of the pulpit.

This wonderful structure was completed almost entirely without the use of nails or metal of any kind, the hinges of the doors and the screws that fasten them on, being the only hardware employed in its building. The cost of the pulpit was Five Hundred Pounds Sterling, and two of the most skilled workmen spent the greater part of two years in its completion. The design was obtained by Captain Scott from Greenock, Scotland, the place of his birth, and after which town the church took its name.

On the tablet on the front wall we read these words —Rev. John Cassilis, first minister to conduct services in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church (Greenock), also Rev. Alexander MacLean, first pastor of the church, 1824 to 1844."

We felt real rest and peace as we sat in one of the old time box-like seats with doors, in this historic "kirk."

On the outside of the large tower facing the harbour, at a high elevation, was placed a carved representation of an oak tree in full leaf, which, by the use of the painter's brush, has ever been kept a verdant hue, and beneath the tree was placed, in large letters, the name of the church and the date of its being finished. Captain Scott was so loyal to his native land and the home of his childhood, and so loved the memory of his early associations, that it was his desire, when the work of completing, at his own expense, this magnificent structure had been accomplished, in some way to make it suggestive of the town of his birth, and accordingly he placed on the spire the green tree, and named the sacred edifice "Greenock Church" which is a slight modification of Green Oak.

The remains of Rev. John Cassilis, who died in 1850, lie under the shadow of Greenock Church. His dust has mingled with the soil of that enclosure, a portion of which he once owned and conveyed as a site for Greenock Church. In 1867 his wife, Mary MacPherson, joined her husband on the other side of the Great Divide, and her remains were laid by his side. Near the entrance of Greenock Church, a white railing and a plain marble slab, erected by their daughter, Mrs. Robert Cockburn, mark the resting place of two, who "were lovely and beautiful in their lives, and in death they were not divided."

I am deeply indebted to Mrs. Cockburn for giving me permission to use the above historical sketch of Greenock Church, which was composed by her late husband, Melville N. Cockburn, K.C., Barrister-at-Law and Judge of Probate. The late Mr. Cockburn, who was a grandson of Rev. John Cassilis, placed the tablet mentioned above in the church, and until his death evinced great interest in and love for the old church.

I also appreciate the kind assistance given me by Richard H. Keay, son of Rev. Peter Keay, pastor of Greenock Church from 1868 to 1873.

From dear old Greenock, where we would fain have lingered for hours instead of the few brief minutes, we walked up to the Algonquin Hotel. After enjoying an especially good dinner here, we motored back to our De-Luxe train, which in the night delivered us safely at Moncton, the second largest city in New Brunswick. It is essentially a railway city, where the Canadian National Railways have concentrated their Atlantic Regional Headquarters, and owing to its strategical position, it is called "The Hub of the Maritimes."

Moncton was named in honour of Honourable Robert Monckton, soldier and statesman, who received his com-

mission in the British army at fifteen, and when but twenty-five, was elected a member of the British Parliament. In 1752 he was sent to Nova Scotia and later became Lieutenant-Governor of that province. Soldiers under his command began the British occupation of St. John in 1758. He was commandant of the British forces at Fort Beauséjour, and second in command under General Wolfe at the siege of Quebec.

The early history of Moncton has much of interest. The site, about 35 miles up the Petitcodiac River, is an admirable one, and was first chosen by the Indians for one of their settlements. The name "Petitcodiac" is derived from a Micmac word meaning "the river bends round in a bow." The peculiarity of the river, which gives it its name, is the sharp bend in its course, about twenty miles from its mouth at Shepody Bay.

The first Europeans to dwell in this locality were the French. After the French period, the next settlers were a band of Germans, who came from Pennsylvania in 1763, after having lived there a number of years. They arrived in a sloop and landed at the creek at the lower end of Moncton, called by the French, Tanacada, but since known as Hall's Creek, in remembrance of Captain Hall, who commanded the vessel. These settlers obtained grants in the neighbourhood and across the river, and their descendants are now an important part of the population of this section of Westmorland, as well as of Albert County.

Until the Intercolonial Railway was completed, Moncton was a small, unimportant village, generally known as "The Bend." When it became the headquarters of the railway system, it grew very fast, until today it is a busy and growing city, with a population of 21,000.

(Facsimile News Sheet)

THE NEW OUTLOOK DAILY

Published en route on
The New Outlook Maritime Special
June 17th—July 6th, 1929

Vol. I Moncton, N.B., June 26 No. 10

Orders for Wednesday, June 26

Atlantic Standard Time is used in the following announcements and will be used until further notice. Kindly adjust timepieces accordingly, as we are coming to places where that time is used.

6 a.m.—Our train arrives at Moncton station.

7 a.m.—Rising call by porters of cars.

7.30—Breakfast served in dining cars.

9.30—Motor cars with friends at station for sightseeing drive.

1 p.m.—Luncheon tendered by City Council in Pythian Hall.

3 p.m.—Our train leaves Moncton for Sackville.

4.10 p.m.—Our train arrives at Sackville, N.B. Cars will meet us for sightseeing drive, followed by dinner at Mount Allison University.

10 p.m.—Our train leaves Sackville station for Mulgrave, N.S.

A SCOTCH BEACH. Did you see the beach at St. Andrews? They said it was Scotch enough to be called sandy.

FLORA. The wild iris, lilacs, Star of Bethlehem and wild cotton were among the flowers recognized along the route of our motor journey.

OUR POETRY CORNER. It was said that the gorge at St. George was lovely.

LOST. Black silk gloves and a fountain pen. Finders please see Mr. Harrison, as white hands and correspondence are suffering.

AND WE WONDER. Will anyone who rushes the hour for meals on the next boat trip have repeated conversations from the head steward.

RUMOR. The lady who contrived to waken herself by hearing her own snore in the Algonquin Hotel lobby is reported to be selling her recipe in several cars.

On arrival in Moncton we found 50 cars awaiting us,—another evidence of the gracious hospitality of our Maritime friends.

On our three hour motor trip, we saw good farms on both sides of the Petitcodiac River, and for the first time since leaving home, numerous bank barns. Hay, oats and buckwheat are grown here, but very little barley and wheat, the season being too short for the latter. The long stretches of marsh lands where marsh hay is grown were particularly interesting to us. These great unfenced fields are dotted by many barns where the hay is stored, and hauled out in the winter. Cattle like the marsh hay because of its salty flavour.

As we proceeded, the road wound past the oil and gas fields, whence Moncton obtains its natural gas. Then we passed through the village of Hillsboro, saw the Plaster Works and arrived at "The Rocks." Here on the Bay of Fundy, we saw one of the wonders of the world, for these giants stand out from the shore like sentinels. Trees grow on their summits, and along the shore are caves and tunnels,—all nature's handiwork. Fifty feet above the base of the rocks, there is a fine picnic ground, surrounded by beeches and evergreens, and equipped with log cabins for tourists, and a pavilion.

We returned to Moncton at noon in order to see the "Bore" in the Petitcodiac River. This is a most curious phenomenon, which attracts the attention of many tourists. One sees in the distance a silver-crested wave creeping over the dark brown flats, and soon at one's feet an irresistible and turbulent wall of water from three to six feet in height, sweeping past, churning up the mud and stones in its fury. The Bore is caused by the inrushing tides of the Bay of Fundy, which rise to a height of 56 feet, forcing a great volume of water through the comparatively narrow neck of the Petitcodiac River. The sharp bend in the

river, about twenty miles from its mouth, explains the phenomenon of the Bore, caused by the incoming tide from the Bay of Fundy. Owing to the narrowing curve in the river, the great volume of water is obstructed and is consequently elevated as it advances.

The gentleman who drove us said that he threw a stone in the river one day, as the tide was coming in. His dog jumped in after it, but had a desperate time, battling against the force of the advancing wall of water. He was nearly knocked down several times. Next day, however, he was just as keen to go in again.

After seeing the Bore, we motored to Moncton's air port, where preparations were being made for the official opening, July 1st, by Hon. H. H. McLean, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province. We were informed that thirteen planes would participate in the air pageant, and that fliers were expected from Portland, Maine, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Sydney and Woodstock, N.B.

Driving from the air port to the Knights of Pythias Hall, where we were the guests of the city, we had an opportunity of seeing Moncton's beautiful homes, schools and tree-lined streets. The decorations of hall and tables, the orchestra and the choice luncheon served by the fair ladies of Moncton, made us feel that we were indeed honoured. The splendid souvenirs that Moncton industries gave each guest revealed a spirit of enterprise and good will.

The address of welcome by Mayor C. H. Blakeny was an oratorical exposition of the highest order. A winsome damsel of our party was heard to remark "Little wonder that Moncton is said to possess the highest average prosperity of any place in Eastern Canada, with such a mayor at the helm, and he is a young man for a' that."

In the afternoon our train left for Sackville, which we

reached in an hour and a quarter. We passed through Dorchester en route. Sackville is southeast of Moncton, and is the seat of a fine group of educational institutions, including Mount Allison University. It is also the home of a number of very important manufacturing industries.

A reception committee met us at the train and motored us to Fort Beauséjour, on the isthmus of Chignecto. This name Beauséjour is not, as might be supposed, derived from the nature of the scenery, but from an early settler, Laurent Chatillon, surnamed Beauséjour, after whom the southern end of the ridge had been named Pointe-à-Beauséjour.

Our trip to Fort Beauséjour took us across the wind-swept Tantramar marshes or dyke lands, made famous in song and story by the celebrated Canadian poet, born near Sackville, Charles G. D. Roberts. "Tantramar" is derived from the old French name "Tintamarre," meaning a racket or hubub. It is believed that the name was given to the district by the early French settlers, because of the great noise made by the myriads of wild fowl which frequented the marshes in spring and autumn.

The far-famed Tantramar marshes along the Tantramar River, contain in the neighbourhood of 25,000 acres, and every year produce immense quantities of the finest hay, thousands of tons of which are shipped to the West Indies, Newfoundland and even Boston and other New England towns.

Originally these meadows or marshes were simply bogs covered for the most part with water and stunted bushes. When the French settled here many years ago, they soon saw the possibilities, and immediately set themselves the task of reclaiming these waste lands. In this they seem to have been highly successful, and today remains of the old French dykes may be found at various points at the

head of the Bay. How well they did their work may be judged from the fact that these dykes are more than one hundred and fifty years old.

It is estimated that every year these marshes yield something like 40,000 tons of hay. The average yield is not far short of two tons per acre, while a yield of three tons and over is by no means uncommon. The soil is very rich, and if given anything like fair treatment, will continue to produce fine crops of hay year after year without any artificial stimulants. It is said the only meadow lands in the world resembling these marshes are to be found in Holland, where a large amount of territory has been wrested from the sea by means of dykes similar to those so long in use in this part of the world. During the haying season a visitor on a clear day might stand on an eminence overlooking this great marsh body, and with the aid of a glass, count hundreds of men and boys busily engaged in harvesting this splendid crop of hay. It is always an interesting and inspiring sight, and one that would be difficult to duplicate in any other part of the world.

> "Tantramar! Tantramar!
> I see thy cool, green plains afar;
> Thy dykes where grey sea-grasses are,
> Mine eyes behold them yet."
>
> —*C. G. D. Roberts*

The Tantramar marshes are on a much larger scale than those around Grand Pré, which Longfellow has immortalized. Their vast stretches, fertility and loneliness grips one's imagination. Since the harvesters dwell on the higher land, they are uninhabited, for the marshes are behind the dykes and below the level of the higher tides. But barns dot the marshes, presenting a spectacle unique in character. Narrow ditches replace the customary fences and trees are absent.

The farmers in this locality are well-to-do, having made their money principally out of marsh hay. They grow oats and barley on the marsh lands as well, these crops sometimes measuring six feet or more in height. The farmers do not go in much for dairying. Instead they raise beef cattle, and on some farms as many as 500 to 600 turkeys.

In this section we saw numerous lakes, and drove past a muskrat farm.

On arrival at Beauséjour, Dr. George J. Trueman, President of Mount Allison University, addressed us on the history of the old fort. When in 1750 Marquis de la Jonquière, Governor of Canada heard that the English had begun to build a fort at Beaubassin, he ordered one to be built on the ridge of Beauséjour, overlooking Chignecto Bay. Fort Beauséjour was built in 1750 and 1751. It was taken in 1754 by Lieut.-Col. Robert Monckton, with volunteers from New England, raised by Col. John Winslow. It was renamed Fort Cumberland by Monckton.

We saw the pyramid of stone erected at Beauséjour in memory of the English.

The view which we had from the fort was not only extensive and beautiful, but economically interesting. In front the Cumberland Basin with its margin of lowlands and wooded heights, stretches as far as the eye can reach; on either hand the wide alluvial flats and marshes, with the tiny silvery streams flowing through them; and beyond these marshes which fill the valleys, the rich high lands, apparently closing around them in the distance, like a vast amphitheatre; while scattered farm houses, long settlements, compact towns and villages and grazing cattle throw an air of life and industry over the whole.

The day having been clear, we were fortunate in seeing from this elevation, Amherst, N.S., and looking across Northumberland Strait, saw Prince Edward Island.

On our return to Sackville, we marvelled at the large farms of strawberries, gooseberries and raspberries.

Along the way we saw the site of the first Methodist Church in Canada, at Pointe de Bute. Many of the Yorkshire settlers had come under the influence of John Wesley in England, and after they were established in Chignecto, they gradually developed an organization under William Black, later known as Bishop Black. In 1786 the first conference took place, and in 1788 the first Methodist Church was built at Point de Bute, the land having been given by William Chapman. At the entrance to the cemetery, which was next to the church (the latter has long since disappeared), a memorial gateway has been erected to commemorate the pioneer effort of Methodism in Canada and the work of Bishop Black.

The first Baptist Church was organized in 1763 in Sackville among the settlers who had come from the American provinces.

Before arriving at the University grounds, we saw the Fawcett Enamel and Heating Products, Ltd., and the Sackville Paper Box Co., Ltd.

Beautifully situated on a hill in the centre of Sackville, are the Mount Allison Educational Institutions, which were founded in 1854. Upwards of 900 students attend Mount Allison, which is recognized as being one of the foremost educational schools in Canada. One of the show places in connection with Mount Allison is Owens' Museum of Fine Arts, which contains the finest collection of paintings east of Montreal.

It was an hour well spent to study the work of some of the famous artists, past and present.

We were entertained to dinner in the Girls' Residence, following which Alistair Cameron, J.P., Mayor of Sackville, Senator F. B. Black, Senator A. B. Copp, H. M.

Wood, M.P.P., and Rev. H. E. Thomas, D.D., representing the Board of Trade, addressed us. They referred to Sackville's industries—the manufacture of stoves and furnaces by two firms, a huge box factory and the raising of foxes. Near Sackville are located four silver black fox ranches, on which over 300 puppies have been raised this season. Strawberries are shipped by the tons from Sackville.

Subsequent to a delightful evening's entertainment, we were motored to our train and continued on our way to Mulgrave, Nova Scotia.

CHAPTER IV

BRAS D'OR TO ANNAPOLIS VALLEY

Soon we passed from the Province of New Brunswick to the Province of Nova Scotia, rich in varied and scenic effects, and in romance and history. Leaving Mulgrave, our steamer "Lakeview" sailed down the Straits of Canso and around the beautiful Isle Madame. A cantilever bridge, operated by horse power, swung open for us. At the entrance to St. Peter's Canal we saw the quaint little French fishing village of St. Peters, and beyond a pastoral scene of great beauty. Going through the locks we continued through that enchanting sea, well named by the French, Bras d'Or, or "Arm of Gold." Bras d'Or is an inland sea, for it is salt water with ocean entrances, and it spreads its blue area for 450 square miles through the heart of Cape Breton Island.

> Strange that a thing so wild, so free,
> As we conceive the tossing sea to be,
> Should thus be landlocked and imprisoned.

The tranquil loveliness of the Bras d'Or region contrasts with the majesty of Cape Breton's coast between the beautiful Bay of St. Anne's and Cape North, and on the western side of the island. Here the bold cliffs and headlands are set against a magnificent back drop of wooded hills, range after range fading back to the horizon, from blue to misty purple. Cape Breton has been compared in scenery to the Western Highlands of Scotland, and history informs us it was the land fall of Cabot, who was seeking new lands for "Kynge Henry of England, a year before Columbus touched on the continent.

The limestone cliffs along the shore, looking like

groups of statues were picturesque with their crowns of foliage.

The pioneer settlers of this section, who were mostly Scotch Catholics, came to the Island in 1803 from Scotland, mainly from Barra and the Hebrides. A number of the "originals" fought under Wolfe at Louisburg and Quebec; and subsequent to their return to England, came back here for permanent abode, but they never forgot "an gleann 'san robh iad og," and it was with many a sigh of affection that they longed to see their native land once more.

> Let's go, lassie, to the braes o' Balquither,
> Where the blueberries grow 'mang the bonnie Highland heather;
> Where the deer and the roe lightly bounding togither,
> Sport the long simmer day on the braes o' Balquither.

At 3.00 p.m. as many as could crowd into the cabin, had the pleasure and privilege of hearing Mrs. McKinney speak on the subject of temperance.

About 5.30 p.m. we entered the ocean, as evidenced by the tide-like wall of water. As we approached Sydney, our Captain told us that we were then directly above the coal mines. They extend as far as three and a half miles from shore, under the ocean. There are sub-oceanic gardens in the mines, where flowers and mushrooms thrive.

> Thrill of the coal seam,
> Buried below!
> Tropical forests,
> Aeons ago!

Approaching the harbour we had a splendid view of The Steel Works, the largest in Canada, and arrived at Sydney in time for evening dinner at Isle Royale Hotel.

Sydney is the eastern terminus of the Canadian National Railways. The first large settlement was in 1783 and was composed of about 3000 United Empire Loyalists. It was then made a garrison town, and continued to be so

until the Crimean War. It was little more than a sleepy village, however, until about 1900, when The Steel Works were built, and great development took place in the coal industry, also. Today it is a fine modern city of about 20,000 population. The larger places surrounding Sydney, like North Sydney, Glace Bay and Sydney Mines were also products of this era of expansion. The harbour, on the north shore of which North Sydney and Sydney Mines are situated, is one of the best in Canada. The shipping of the port of Sydney is very great, and almost every flag that flies may be seen in these waters.

Next morning after breakfast, we enjoyed the lovely motor trip from Sydney to Louisburg. Its 23 miles run through picturesque and romantic scenery. We crossed the alluring Mira River, named in honour of Lieutenant M. de Mire, a French officer of Louisburg. Its Indian name is "Sooakade," which means "The Shining Place."

We were privileged to see the old Presbyterian church, where Dr. McLeod preached in the early days. On the bank of the Mira, nearby, is the manse. A few miles farther on is Catalone Lake, named after M. de Catalogne, a French engineer, who was granted a large tract of land here. Almost all crops are grown in this locality.

Arriving in Louisburg, our party drove to the ruins of Old Town, where we were met by Mayor M. S. Huntington; Dr. D. A. Morrison; A. A. Martell, M.L.A.; Arch-Deacon Draper and Rev. D. A. Millan. Mayor Huntington in a brief speech, welcomed the visitors, and called upon Arch-Deacon Draper to give an address on the founding of Louisburg by the French. Mr. J. W. MacKenzie, of Sydney, N.S., also gave us valuable information regarding the history of this once famous stronghold.

Situated on the southeast coast of the Island of Cape Breton, are the ruins of the ancient fortress of Louisburg. Here, following the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, when the

mainland of Nova Scotia was ceded to Britain, France determined to build a fortified town. Louisburg was built and so named in honour of the French King. From its strategic position at the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, it was a strong outpost, guarding the way to Quebec, where the power of New France was centred, and it soon became, as it was intended to be, a menace to the English colonies on the Atlantic coast to the south. It grew to be a great centreport of trade and commerce. At the height of its prosperity, Louisburg had a population, apart from the garrison, of over 3,000. The fisheries of the island were immensely valuable, and it is questionable whether under English occupation they have ever reached the production attained by the French. The shores of the harbour were lined with the houses and stages of the fishermen, and the port would be crowded at times with many vessels arriving from France, Canada, the West Indies and the New England colonies.

The French spent a fabulous fortune fortifying the place, which made it the "Dunkirk of America." It was considered impregnable; but in 1745 it fell before the attacks of 4,000 New England volunteers and militiamen under Pepperell, aided by a British fleet under Warren. The motto on Pepperell's flag, "*Nil desperandum Christi duce*" was composed by the famous preacher, Whitefield.

At Louisburg we saw the monument erected by "The Society of Colonial Wars," to the memory of the New England soldiers, killed at Louisburg during the siege of 1745.

Louisburg was restored to France in 1748 by the treaty of Aix-La-Chapelle, and again in 1758 was besieged by General Amherst with 13,000 men. The naval operations were in command of Admiral Boscawen. In this siege, General Wolfe was one of Amherst's brigadiers, and estab-

lished his reputation, which led to his command of the expedition to Quebec in the following year, when he met death on the Plains of Abraham. Louisburg surrendered to the English, July 27th, 1758, and in 1760, by order of the British Government, its fortifications were levelled to the ground, and abandoned.

Since the city of Halifax had been founded in 1749, it was felt unnecessary to maintain two strongholds in Nova Scotia, and orders were issued "That the said fortress, together with all the works and defences of the harbour, be most effectually and entirely demolished." In the short space of six months, all the fortifications and public buildings, which had cost France many years of labour and a vast amount of money, were utterly destroyed. Louisburg's ruined walls, grass covered mounds, and crumbling casements, still remain as mementos of the time when it was the key of the North American continent.

We saw the site of the King's Bastion or citadel, which contained the Governor's residence, chapel and barracks; the "Black Rock" burial ground, where lies the body of Lord Dundonald, Captain of the Grenadier Company, 17th Regiment, killed July 9th, 1758; and The Old Military burial ground, where are the graves of French, New England and British soldiers, who died during the various occupations of the ancient fortress, 1717—1760.

Modern Louisburg, with a population of about 1,100, is the winter shipping port of the British Empire Steel Corporation, since Sydney harbour freezes in the winter. In summer, the principal industry is fishing, and during the months of August and September it is the headquarters of a swordfishing fleet.

On our return from Louisburg, we were entertained to a delicious luncheon, arranged by a local committee, in St. Andrew's Church. It was our privilege to hear addresses

from Rev. Mr. Campbell, the Mayor of Sydney, the President of the Board of Trade, and others, who enlightened us on the resources of Nova Scotia and her problems. "We are handicapped," said one speaker, "by our geographical position,—for example, our mines are inactive when the St. Lawrence is frozen. Our chief products are coal, iron and steel. Another handicap is our proximity to the United States. Our young men have drifted there, with the result that we have six thousand vacant farms in Nova Scotia. Today there are more Nova Scotians in the New England States than in Nova Scotia. We import meat, eggs, butter, etc. This should not be, but I am glad to state that our province is on the upward grade. We are educating our young men to the dignity of agriculture. Nova Scotia is now as never before, relying on the efforts of her own people."

Another speaker referred to the coal mines of Nova Scotia. "We have the greatest coal mines in the world," he said. "There are more lines of railway underground than above. Streets also extend through the mines, out under the ocean. Just fancy seeing flowers and mushrooms growing in the mines two hundred feet below sea level!"

After lunch we were honored by the officials of the great Steel Works in being taken through the plant. This was an experience never to be forgotten. Two flat cars had been prepared specially for us the day before, and mounting these, we were off on a real educational jaunt. Space does not permit to tell all that we saw that afternoon. Suffice it to say that we followed all the processes through which molten ore passes, before the finished products are turned out,—steel rails, nails, wire, etc. Steel products are made from iron ore, limestone and coke. It cost $250,000 just to reline the big blast furnace with fire brick. One

machine called flying shears for cutting steel into lengths, cost $100,000.

The Steel Works employ 3,500 men and the coal industry 12,000. The administrative system of the former is built on the co-operative plan, there being thirty employees on the plant council,—one man to represent every one hundred employees. No man has been dismissed in the last four years, without first having been taken back and given another chance. No labour troubles exist among the men at the present time.

In the early years of the Steel Plant's history, one man per week was killed. Last year only one man was killed, and that was due to his own carelessness in handling an electric wire.

The company owns 400 houses, which they rent to the men at moderate prices.

After learning how steel is made, some of us went down town to shop for an hour before dinner. Seeing Eaton's groceteria and departmental store made us feel quite at home.

Following dinner at the Isle Royale Hotel, a reception was held in St. Andrew's Church, near the hotel. The following from our party were among the speakers of the evening: Mrs. James McKinney, Dr. Crews, Dr. Henderson and Mr. T. C. Harrison.

Early next morning, July 29th, our De Luxe train arrived in New Glasgow, Pictou County, a town with a population of approximately 9,000 and fine residential streets. It is a town one cannot help liking.

About 110 years ago Scotch settlers (Highlanders), crossed the Atlantic in sailing ships and landed in Pictou harbour. It took six weeks to make the passage. Attracted by the hills and valleys of Pictou County, and building their homes on the hill tops, they settled there. Many old

residents in the rural districts of this county speak Gaelic today; in fact they cannot speak English.

Our hosts in New Glasgow took us out motoring to see the beauties of Pictou County, of which they may be justly proud.

We drove to Stellarton, which has one of the oldest coal mines in North America. We saw the Miners' settlement. The miners here were originally of English and Scotch descent, but now they are mostly Belgians.

Arriving at "Green Hill," the observatory of Pictou County, we had a view of the country below and beyond, which we shall never forget. The entire horizon from this height is filled with beautiful landscape, and from the homes of the fine farms in the valley, have come men prominent in church and state. From "Green Hill" we saw Pictou harbour, and across Northumberland Strait to Prince Edward Island. Many considered this the finest view, thus far, on the trip.

It was a delight to see the old stone homes of the Scotch pioneers in Pictou County. Driving through Durham, we saw the site of the first Presbyterian College in Canada. Then we drove through Pictou, a very old town, founded in 1767. With its old stone houses and church spires, its winding streets and avenues running up the face of a steep hill from the water front, it retains its old-world atmosphere. The people are almost entirely descended from the early Scotch settlers.

We admired the hawthorn hedges and peonies of Pictou. We were privileged to visit Pictou Academy, which goes far to explain why so many leaders have come from that county.

After leaving New Glasgow at noon, we had dinner on the train, and arrived in Truro at 6.35 p.m. Saturday, June 29th. Truro, the hub of Nova Scotia is a modern town of

about 8,000 people. It is the railway and geographical centre of Nova Scotia, which means that from here you can quickly reach all parts of the province. No cleaner or handsomer town exists in Eastern Canada, and the hospitality of its people is proverbial. Its streets are wide, flanked with shade trees, while well kept lawns and tasteful flower beds are common to houses both large and small.

Once again the motor cars of citizens and churchmen were at our disposal, and there was much to see that was very fine. We drove across the Salmon River, which empties into Cobequid Bay, an arm of the Bay of Fundy.

This district is rich in historical associations. Following the expulsion from Nova Scotia of the French Acadians in 1755, steps were taken to induce English-speaking colonists to occupy the rich alluvial lands, which had thus become vacant. Some of these lands were in the neighbourhood of Truro. About the year 1760, colonists came to the Truro district from New Hampshire. They had previously arrived in that state from the north of Ireland, and were attracted here by reports of rich farm lands about the headwaters of the Bay of Fundy. One of the first acts of the newcomers was to build a stockaded fort against the Micmac Indians and the French; and for the first year or two, the colonists secured themselves every night in this place of safety.

In the country about Truro, are many evidences of early French occupation. Remains of old dykes may be seen on the marshlands. Ten miles from Truro is Masstown, one of the places, where the Acadians were gathered together for expulsion.

We visited the agricultural college with its 500 acres of land. Leading to the college is an avenue of fine trees with attractive grounds beyond. We drove through the village of Bible Hill, an old Scotch settlement, and saw

splendid farm homes, good barns and silos. Our attention was drawn to the Creosote Plant, and soon we arrived at beautiful Victoria Park, an unspoiled beauty spot and play place of 1,000 acres, the finest natural park in eastern Canada. The Park consists of heavily wooded upland, verdure-clad ravines and leafy dells with shimmering brooks and waterfalls. Its distinctive characteristic is a valley surrounded by hills of red sandstone, gradually contracting to a rocky gorge, less than one hundred feet wide, with precipitous sides of brown grit and shale, in some places reaching to a height of one hundred and fifty feet. Through the gorge flows the Lepper Brook, the outlet of the town reservoir, in the hills beyond.

This brook in its passage through the narrowest section of the gorge, breaks into two falls. The first known as the Waddell Falls, is a series of feathery cascades. At the second called Joe Howe Falls, the waters pour over the rocks into a deep pool. The Fall is named in honour of a great Nova Scotian statesman, who delighted to visit the Park, and wrote and spoke in praise of it on many occasions.

Among the many springs in the Park are the Brandy Spring, the Wishing Well and the Holy Well. The last named, walled with rocks and surmounted with concrete, into which the words "Holy Well" have been cut, has become widely known. It is a copy of the old Holy Well on Bible Hill, across the river from Truro, where French Acadian infants were christened in the long ago.

There are a number of industrial establishments in Truro, and it also has large lumbering and farming interests. "Eastern Hat and Cap Co., for Dad and His Lad," appealed to us as a very good advertisement.

The fine residences of Truro, the well kept lawns and

gardens elicited hearty expressions of satisfaction from the members of our party.

Some of us shopped for half an hour before boarding the train. "Why didn't we have a whole day in Truro?" exclaimed one enthusiast, "the shops are so tempting!"

That night on the train from Truro to Halifax we had a real old-fashioned concert in the dining-rooms, and took the opportunity to thank all those whose skill and labour had made our large party of one hundred and eighty-three comfortable and happy.

It was now nearly July 1st, when in the Capital of Nova Scotia there was to be unveiled a war memorial. It was a great privilege to be there for that unique and solemn occasion, and after a Sabbath spent between church and hotel, and in enjoying the beauty of the Public Gardens, a much needed rest was taken after the pace of travel.

Halifax, the Capital of Nova Scotia, in Halifax County, has a population of about 50,000 and is the wealthiest city in the Maritime Provinces. It was named Halifax in honour of the Earl of Halifax, at one time President of the Board of Trade and Plantations. It is one of the chief terminals of the Canadian National Railways. This city occupies a high, rocky peninsula; was first settled by the British in 1749, and is one of the most strongly fortified points on the continent.

The old citadel, standing on an eminence of some 225 feet, in the heart of the city, is of particular interest. The fortifications of the citadel were built from the ruins of Louisburg.

Halifax, fondly called "The City by the Sea," noted the world over for its magnificent harbour, is an important naval and military base, in which capacity it has played a prominent part in war-time since its founding in 1749, and most especially during the Great War of 1914—1918, when

the harbour and its adjacent Bedford Basin afforded ample space for the rendezvous of numerous and ever-ready ships of war. The harbour and basin extend over 15 miles in from the sea. The largest ship can pretty closely hug the shore and the tide fluctuation is five or six feet.

Away back in the days of the French régime, when Halifax was known by the Indian name of Chebucto, it was the rendezvous of a French fleet, that was to descend upon the New England coast, an attempt which failed because the full complement of ships, owing to the effects of a storm, was unable to reach port in fighting shape.

Running out from the harbour northwesterly, is a three-mile arm of the sea, known as Northwest Arm, starting from Point Pleasant and almost reaching Bedford Basin. A more attractive sheet of water has not been discovered for its natural beauty all along the shores, studded very generously by beautiful villas and cottages. The regattas each summer furnish unrivalled fairy scenes, when many hundreds of crafts from "canoes for two" to yachts of fine proportions, combine to make gala days, that are unsurpassed anywhere.

On Dominion Day kind churchmen and citizens took us for a drive around Halifax, of which the scenery is unexcelled in the Maritime Provinces. Four of us had the pleasure of driving with Mr. W. R. Scriven, "Pop" as he is generally called, prominent citizen of Halifax, and who has a finger in every charitable pie. Mr. Scriven spared nothing to make our day in Halifax a memorable one, and even extended to us a warm welcome and hospitality in his home on Lorne Terrace.

We had a splendid view from the Citadel looking southward. Below us lay the beautiful city; beyond, the harbour, with its shipping and green gem-like islands; the luxuriant pine forest near the pretty village of

Falkland, over which frowns York Redoubt, and far away in the distance the blue waters of the Atlantic.

We thought we had never seen anything quite as lovely as the Public Gardens directly across from The Lord Nelson Hotel, our headquarters. They are regarded as without a peer on the continent. They comprise about 14 acres and contain ponds and fountains, beautiful and artistically laid out flower beds, and charming promenades.

It was our privilege to visit a few of the churches noted for their architectural beauty as well as historical associations. The Old Dutch Church, built between 1740 and 1750, is the oldest. St. Paul's, the oldest Anglican Church in Canada, was built in 1752, the frame having been brought from the New England States. We saw the communion plate, given by Queen Anne to St. Paul's, bearing the inscription: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." In the centre of the plate are three large letters, I.H.S. *"Jesus Hominum Salvator"* (Jesus the Saviour of Men.) St. Paul's memorial windows were unharmed by the terrible explosion in Halifax in 1917. Above the front door of the church there is a piece of steel, a relic of the explosion.

The Cathedral of All Saints is a structure of Nova Scotian ironstone, in the decorated perpendicular style. The chancel is filled with exquisite work by European carvers, the material being Austrian oak. When the front door and tower are completed, it will take high rank among the ecclesiastical buildings of the Dominion.

We were much interested in the old cemetery on Barrington Street, right in the heart of the city. The dates on some of the tombstones go back as far as the eighteenth century. A monument in honour of two officers who fell in the Crimean War,—Major Welsford and Captain Parker —stands at the entrance to the cemetery. A huge lion on

the top, with head bowed in sorrow for the fallen heroes, and the names Sebastopol, Alma, Inkerman and Redan are carved on the front.

In 1912 many of those killed on the Titanic, were brought to Halifax for burial. Little did this city dream that a few years later she would experience a far worse tragedy at her very gates. The dead she received in 1912 were but a handful as compared with those of her own citizens, who were to perish in the awful catastrophe of 1917. On December 6th of that year, two vessels laden with T.N.T. collided in the beautiful harbour, and sent more than 2,000 souls into eternity. About nine o'clock in the morning, when business people were on their way to their shops and offices, the concussion shook the city and wiped out a whole section.

The terrified inhabitants learning that another explosion would likely follow closely upon the first, fled wounded to the outskirts of the city. Not having their wounds dressed, many of them became infected and died as a result. Others were scarred for the rest of their lives. Today one may see men and women walking along the streets of Halifax, bearing the marks of that terrible morning.

From churches and cemetery we turned to Dalhousie University, which had its origin in the customs duties collected by troops from Halifax during the few months they held Castine, Maine. Dalhousie has splendid buildings and a very fine campus. It is considered one of the leading educational institutions in North America. Hon. R. B. Bennett, who was educated here, gave a splendid residence to Dalhousie.

We motored to the Northwest Arm, one of nature's most charming spots. This lovely sheet of water is sheltered on both sides by sloping hills of spruce and pine,

and spotted with handsome residences. In the distance we saw the Memorial Tower, erected to commemorate the establishment of responsible government in Nova Scotia. It stands on a hill, and a climb, partly spiral, of 123 steps from its base, takes one to a point, where an extensive and entrancing view amply repays the effort of the climb.

We drove to Waegwoltic Club House "The Wag," on the eastern side of the Northwest Arm. The Indian name "Waegwoltic" means "End of The Bay." The Waegwoltic Club House was formerly the home of the Lieutenant-Governor. Words are inadequate to describe the rare beauty of this building and grounds. The outlook over the water and beyond was a feature of the tour, which will ever be a bright spot on memory's walls.

We drove to another popular pleasure resort,—Point Pleasant Park, which comprises some 200 acres of land. On three sides the park faces the ocean, affording magnificent sea views and giving one an invigorating breath of sea breeze. Here we saw the Martello Tower, a fortification used when the Indians were warlike.

We stopped at Franklyn Park, which joins Point Pleasant, to witness something very unique,—the barbecue, —an ancient English custom revived in Halifax once every year on Dominion Day. An ox dressed was being roasted over an open log fire. It would be sold in sandwiches to the large crowds of pleasure seekers that afternoon and evening.

We drove past the Post Office, an attractive building, adorned with a statue of Britannia; and the Custom House, erected a few years ago,—a brown stone building. This is furnished with a clock tower, always useful to admonish the citizens of Time's passing, and especially valuable to ferry passengers to Dartmouth, for which ambitious town

the steamers leave the dock at "quarter-after, half-past, quarter-to and at."

Province House, built in the first quarter of the 19th century, occupies a block in the heart of the city. Its architecture is greatly admired by connoisseurs. The Legislative Library is especially worthy of a visit and the grounds are adorned with two fine statues—Joseph Howe on the one side, and a memorial of the South African war on the other.

Government House, the official residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, built in 1800-1805, is also a very fine structure.

We saw the birthplace of Sir Joseph Howe, Pine Hill Divinity Hall, The Armoury, City Hall, School for the Blind, Young Men's Christian Association, The Exhibition area, and a number of manufacturing plants such as Brandram Henderson Paint Works, etc.

Across from Halifax and picturesquely nestled on the eastern side of the harbour is the town of Dartmouth, the third most important port in the world.

Dartmouth is rich in historic romance, and in its early days was a thick forest, the playgrounds of savage Indians, who attacked and scalped the first white settlers and depopulated the townsite for a period.

A point of great interest in Dartmouth is the old Shubenacadie Canal, built at great expense to connect the Bay of Fundy with the Atlantic, but was a financial failure and subsequently abandoned. Remains of the old locks may be seen at various points.

Mount Hope Hospital for the Insane is in Dartmouth, and has one of the most beautiful situations in the whole Province.

What a privilege was ours to be numbered among the thousands of spectators within and without the enclosure

at the Grand Parade, near the City Hall at 11.00 a.m. Dominion Day, for the unveiling of the memorial shaft, erected by the citizens of Halifax to the honour of those who served, and the memory of those who fell in the Great War 1914-1918. At an early hour folk began to gather from all parts of the city to this spot, where another noble link was to be forged to the chain of historic events, which have there been enacted. Among those for whom special provision had been made on the Parade grounds were the comrades of the men who had fallen, represented by the Canadian Legion of the British Empire Service League. Facing the monument were the seats reserved for the next of kin of those whose names were inscribed in the Book of Remembrance, seats that were well filled, for those who loved them, were proud to do them honour.

A raised platform accommodated the speakers and others, who were to participate in the ceremonies, while under a sunny sky floated flags of the allied nations.

Promptly at the hour of eleven, a gun was fired from the Citadel, and at the given signal, the assemblage rose and with bowed heads paid the tribute of two minutes' silence, as prayer and thought concentrated in reverent remembrance of those who had passed.

Hon. Captain Reverend P. McQuillan, Senior Roman Catholic Chaplain at the front, now residing at Halifax, led in the responsive reading of the 46th Psalm, followed by the Lord's Prayer repeated by the assembled company.

Led by the band and members of the Legion, the assemblage then united in singing the hymn, "O Valiant Hearts," so particularly appropriate to the occasion.

His Honour Lieutenant-Governor Tory, chairman for the occasion, paid his tribute to the valour and sacrifice represented by the memorial about to be unveiled, calling on Sir Robert Laird Borden, the war-time Premier of

Canada, who had borne magnificently the brunt and burden of leadership during that testing period, to unveil the monument.

In his quiet statesmanly manner, Sir Robert addressed the assembled company in memory of those who had passed in the glory of their youth, "dying before the dawn," and leaving their memorial graven on the hearts of the generation that knew them. He then released the flags that draped the monument and revealed to the view of the thousands of spectators, a memorial tablet, magnificent in its simplicity. The conception of the sculptor represents the sacrifice made by the mothers of the land, the dominant figure representing the mother resting upon the shield, on which is emblazoned the coat of arms of the city of Halifax. Below the figure is the coat of arms of the Province of Nova Scotia, and on the reverse side of the monument, the coat of arms of the Dominion of Canada and the inscription: "In the city archives are treasured the names of thirteen hundred and sixty men and women, whose sacrifice is perpetuated by this memorial."

Then sounded the Last Post, clear and significant, followed by the Highland Lament, "The Flowers of the Forest," rendered in the plaintive wail of the bagpipes.

Colonel the Hon. James L. Ralston, Minister of National Defence, who had served with the Canadian forces on the battlefields, in command of the 85th Battalion, then delivered the oration of the occasion, an address marked by strength, dignity and a profound personal appreciation of the meaning of the sacrifice represented by the memorial, after which the Prayer of Dedication was offered by Hon. Major Rev. G. M. Ambrose, Senior Protestant Chaplain at the front, now residing in Halifax.

Led by the band and members of the Legion, the hymn "O God our Help in Ages Past" was sung, followed by

the Reveille. After the singing of The National Anthem, the service was concluded at 12.00 o'clock, when the usual Dominion Day salute of twenty-one guns was fired on the citadel. With Milton, we felt:

> "Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
> Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
> Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair,
> And what may quiet us in a death so noble."

Wreaths were then placed on the memorial by the following: His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor, Province of Nova Scotia by the Hon. E. N. Rhodes; City of Halifax, by His Worship Mayor Gastonquay; The Senior Naval Officer; The Senior Military Officer and many societies, etc.

The following military and naval units were in attendance: Guard of Honour, under the command of Major E. R. Vinee, M.C.; the Royal Canadian Engineers; the Royal Canadian Navy; Princess Louise Fusiliers Band, under Bandmaster Coakley, this being their first appearance in full dress uniforms since before the war; and a Pipers' Band, under Pipe Major Bell.

An incident in the arrangements, to which attaches a special interest is the fact that the table, on which lay the Book of Remembrance, was covered by the Royal silken standard of Henry the Seventh, presented to the ladies of Halifax by the ladies of Bristol on the occasion of the dedication of the Memorial Tower.

A luncheon at the Lord Nelson Hotel at 1.00 o'clock brought to a close our visit in beautiful Halifax, the oldest British city in Canada. Guests at the luncheon were Sir Robert Borden and Lady Borden, Lieutenant-Governor Tory, Mayor Gastonquay, Rev. Hamilton Wigle and Mrs. Wigle and Rev. John Mutch.

Dr. Crews, chairman for the occasion, said: "One of

the most pleasant features of the trip, since we left Toronto two weeks ago today, has been the social functions we have enjoyed in Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, St. John, Moncton and other places. We have had the privilege of listening to a number of distinguished men. I rather think we have reached the high water mark in this respect in Halifax. We have learned quite incidentally that the Maritime Provinces have given to the Dominion a large number of able men."

Dr. Crews then introduced Mayor Gastonquay, who bade the party an official welcome on behalf of the city of Halifax. "I welcome you," said the Mayor, "to the oldest British city in Canada. You come to a land that has been associated with the Empire in times of stress and in times of peace, and especially during the late great war. We did our utmost and all that was expected of us, to help towards the great end. Although some of us were not at the front, we have suffered in the explosion. We have been, as you are aware, a military base, and also a naval base for a great number of years, so that you come to a city of tradition and history. We have been favored with a visit from the Women's Press Association and from the Authors' Association, and we welcomed them because we believe that the east and west will come to know each other in this way, and that this Canada of ours will thus become a better country to live in. I sincerely hope that you will enjoy your visit here, and that you will know more about this good old city by the sea than you did when you entered it."

Sir Robert Borden was then introduced and added his words of welcome to those already spoken by the Mayor of Halifax. "Let me add," said Sir Robert, "whatever words of welcome are necessary to the very fine welcome which has already been extended to you by the Mayor of

this city. Words of welcome are hardly necessary. In this dear old city in which I spent many of the best and most eventful years of my life, you find a city favoured of tradition." He then quoted a few lines from Kipling's poem, in which he referred to Halifax as "Warden of the honour of the North." "I do not know," continued Sir Robert, "any more delightful city in the world than that in which I spent so many years of my life, and while living far back in the interior in Ottawa, I longed very often for the tang of the sea air, of which I have so delightful a remembrance.

"May I add to the thought that has been so well and so clearly expressed by the Mayor. A nation such as Canada, composed of so many rather disjointed unities, is divided too often by divergence of sentiment and perhaps of interest. Unless the example, which you have given us is followed, and they go forth from one province to another, and learn to know each other better, how can a nation such as Canada be united? There is something else I should like to add to that. When you visit our provinces of Canada, you may keep in mind the history of Canada, dramatic and interesting; yes, but more than that, for in the bloodless revolution of 1848, and the foundation of the present governments, all the nations of the British Commonwealth were led; something was given to the world that will not soon be forgotten. The organization of our Empire is an exemplar to the League of Nations of the world.

"And there is one more thought. You can look back not only with pride but with interest to the history of the whole country. We have two great races in Canada. There are points of divergence between them, but each one brings to the service of the state, great qualities, qualities that are perhaps complementary to each other. It would be

most unfortunate, if these qualities were not retained. I do hope that the French and British will each learn to look upon the history of the other as the common history of both, and remember that in one sense at least, we British people should not forget, that in the holding of the St. Lawrence valley and of Acadia by the French race up to 1713, so far as Nova Scotia was concerned, and up to 1759, so far as Quebec and the St. Lawrence valley were concerned, we can perhaps base the fact that Canada is today still British, because if it had not been for the French hold, settlement would have come from the New England or New York into Acadia, or into the St. Lawrence valley.

"States would have been formed and perhaps the whole world would have been swept into revolution in 1776, or at some later date; so we as a British people have good reason to bear in mind that the pioneer history of the French race in Canada, is now our own history, and may we hope, that at all times in the future, these two great races will go on hand in hand with their great qualities, to build up a splendid future in our country, and I know that you from Ontario and the West, in common with us in this Province of Nova Scotia, have every faith in the institutions, the traditions, and the future destiny of our great country."

Rev. Dr. Charles Crowdis, Chairman of the Halifax Presbytery, spoke a few words of welcome to the guests, followed by Rev. Dr. Hamilton Wigle, former District President of the Presbytery, in charge of our reception. Rev. John Mutch then spoke of the assistance given by Mr. Dugald Macgillivray, Col. J. L. Ralston and Mr. Melvin Clarke, in entertaining the guests.

The thanks of our party were eloquently and feelingly expressed by Rev. William Howey, of Webbwood, Ontario,

who sailed from Halifax harbour with the Canadian troops and served with distinction in the Great War.

At 3.00 p.m., Dominion Day, our train left Halifax for Lunenburg. The route along the southern shore is delightful, passing through a region of marvellous coast scenery and many picturesque resorts with magnificent stretches of broad, smooth beaches, where the Atlantic surf invites the bather. There are inlets rich in beauty, which make boating alluring. It is doubtful if any other part of Nova Scotia offers more abundant attractions and that is saying a great deal of a country, where beauty is everywhere.

We passed Chester, beautifully situated and overlooking Mahone Bay, with its 365 picturesque islands. Oak Island, one of the numerous islands in the adjacent bay, is said according to tradition to have been utilized by the famous Captain Kidd for the hiding of the treasures he had captured during his privateering adventure.

Farther on we saw Mahone Junction, which snuggles at the head of the bay, half-hidden by encircling hills with shaggy pines.

Later, we reached Lunenburg, the centre of a great fishing industry, and aptly termed the "Gloucester of Nova Scotia"—a great nursery for Canadian sailors. It is also the home port of the Bluenose, unbeaten contender in the International Fishermen's Races.

Lunenburg, with a population of 3,000, is built on the southern exposure of a steep hill, facing the south or front harbour. Its rows of houses, built one above the other, give it a picturesque and attractive appearance, and makes it appear much larger than it really is.

Its inhabitants are of German extraction. In 1751 their ancestors, the hardy pioneers, left their homes in Lunenburg, Germany, and went to Dartmouth. There they

remained for a period of nearly two years, but finding it practically impossible to get along amicably with their neighbours, the English, who populated the adjoining garrison city of Halifax, they gathered together their belongings, and sailing westward, settled at Merleguish. They arrived there on June 7th, 1753, and renamed the locality Lunenburg. Roussa Brook, the landing place of the first settlers, has been memorialized by the I.O.D.E. by the erection of a monument.

The citizens of Lunenburg are solid and thrifty, noted for their generous hospitality extended to the stranger within their gates, and the traveller could not go anywhere where he would meet with better treatment and more courteous attention than would be extended to him throughout the whole district of Lunenburg.

Next to Halifax, Lunenburg is the oldest settlement formed by the British Government, in the Province of Nova Scotia.

We were met at Lunenburg station by Mayor A. W. Schwartz, members of the town council, Hon. J. J. Kinley, M.P.P., and by the President and other members of the Board of Trade. A large concourse of citizens was also there with cars, and our party was conducted on a sight-seeing trip around the town. First we were taken to the grandstand on the summit of the hill, from which we viewed, at the front of the town, Lunenburg harbour, the second finest harbour on the south shore of Nova Scotia, the home waters of Lunenburg's far-famed fishing fleet. In the distance we saw Chester. Never shall we lose the far-reaching beauty and tranquility of that picture. At the entrance to the bay is Cross Island, stretched as a battlement across the harbour to protect its inner waters from the terrific force of the mountainous waves of the Atlantic Ocean, which continually beat upon its shores. On the

opposite side of the harbour and forming one of the headlands, is the Oven's Bluff, a huge slate cliff, into whose sides, the sea, by its ceaseless activities throughout the ages, has worn huge caves or caverns, which send back echoing roars as Atlantic's waves dash into them. There is a legend that an Indian once entered the largest of these caves in a canoe, and emerged at Annapolis, on the other side of the province.

At the rear of the town is the back harbour, famous for its marvellous scenic beauties, which follows a winding course, river-like, from the town eastward to the sea, its shores replete with tiny enchanting bays and enticing inlets.

We were loath to leave behind this panorama so unique and entrancing, but as our time was brief in Lunenburg, we hurried on to visit the Lunenburg Foundry Company, which manufactures equipment for fishing and coasting vessels, with all their iron and brass accessories. In these products, this company is undoubtedly the largest and most experienced manufacturer in the whole of the Dominion of Canada.

Next we saw the Shipbuilding Plant of Messrs. Smith and Rhuland, builders of the internationally famous "Bluenose" and the greater part of the present day fishing fleet.

The Cold Storage Plant of the Lunenburg Sea Products proved intensely interesting. We saw frozen herring, hard as boards, prettily marked mackerel weighing from 5 to 7 pounds, and salmon, cod, haddock, etc.

The average annual gross returns from the fish landed at the port of Lunenburg is approximately one and one-half millions of dollars. The cured product is shipped to the United States, South America, Cuba, Porto Rico, etc. It is carried there during the winter months by big vessels

from the fleet, which are fitted out for the coasting trade, after their fishing operations for the season have been completed. Returning, these vessels bring cargoes of salt for use in the industry during the following season.

The fishing season extends over a period from the first of March until the end of September. During this time, three trips are made. The first, called the frozen baiting trip, from the fact that the bait used has been in cold storage during the winter, no fresh bait being available so early in the year, lasts about four weeks. This is immediately followed by the spring trip. On these two trips, the fishing operations are carried on both on the Banks off Nova Scotia and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The fleet returning home some time about the first of June, catches are landed, and the vessels refitted for the summer trip on the Grand Banks, off Newfoundland. At the end of September, on their return home, the schooners are stripped of their sails and all loose equipment, and are anchored in the harbour during the winter months.

The working day of the fisherman is a long and strenuous one. Before the first faint streaks of sunlight in the eastern sky herald the dawn of a new day, the fisherman is up and about, seeing that his trawl is baited and in proper shape for the first set which is made about four o'clock. If the fish are at all plentiful, four sets will be made during the day. But even when the last set has been hauled and the last fish landed on the schooner, his labours have not been completed. There is no rest for any one until the last fish has been properly dressed, salted and placed in the hold of the vessel. If the day's catch is up to the average, this will keep them occupied until well after midnight. Then and not till then is he at liberty to turn in and enjoy his three or four hours' sleep, till awakened by the cook's call to another day of arduous toil.

The deep sea fishing industry is carried on, on a purely co-operative basis, and to this, to a great extent is due the very thriving condition of the industry today. A large percentage of the shares of the fleet, is owned by the masters and crews of the different schooners. This tends towards a greater spirit of co-operation between the owners and men, and acts as an added incentive to the men to carry on their operations in the most enthusiastic and efficient manner. Consequently, the industry is carried on in a most amicable manner, with little or no friction. It is untroubled by labour disputes, and such small contentious matters, as may occasionally crop up, are quite easily disposed of.

The fisherfolk of Lunenburg are a religious body of people and each year, prior to the fleet setting sail on its first trip, services of farewell are held by all denominations in the town. For the calling of a fisherman, besides being an arduous one, is also very hazardous, and each year the grim, stern, inexorable Atlantic collects its toll of lives from among these hardy men, who go down to the sea in ships to seek their living upon the vast expanse of waters.

Another important allied industry of Lunenburg is the blacksmithing establishments, of which there are three, who make a specialty of vessel and boat work. The work turned out by these artisans is most essential to the equipment of a vessel.

After looking over Lunenburg's chief industries we went to see St. John's Anglican Church, which was built early in 1754 and has played a very important part in the development of the town life. It is situated in the very centre of the town and is said to be the second oldest Protestant Church in British North America. Complete records of St. John's have been preserved from the first

year. On June 7th, 1928, this church and the town jointly celebrated their 175th birthday, and an ancient custom was revived of "beating the bounds of the parish."

The original framework of the church, built in Boston, now forms the nave of the spacious and beautifully furnished church, seating 1,000 people. Its peal of bells can be heard for great distances on land and sea, and the Queen Anne Pewter Chalice, that was used in 1753, is still in use today.

In Lunenburg there are many beautiful homes, a fine big Academy, and a $30,000 skating rink.

After a most enjoyable motor drive through Lunenburg, the First Battalion Band rendered an hour's program of high class music from the band stand, overlooking the ocean.

From nine to eleven p.m., Hon. J. J. Kinley, M.P.P., and Mrs. Kinley entertained us at an informal reception in their magnificent home, and on their attractive grounds on Green Street.

We were met at the door by Miss Mary Kinley, daughter of the host, who, with his charming wife, gave every one of us a hearty welcome to his home.

Choice vocal selections were rendered by the Lunenburg mixed quartette, which has been well received in Halifax on several occasions. The quartette comprises Mrs. G. O. Baker, Mrs. B. G. Oxner, Mr. G. R. Silver, and Mr. W. A. Whynacht, with Mrs. W. A. Whynacht accompanist.

Delicious refreshments were daintily served by a bevy of Lunenburg's fair young ladies, whose endearing charms were sung by the poets of "The New Outlook" till the end of the journey. Perhaps they are singing yet.

Is it any wonder that we returned to our train lauding our kind host and hostess and these dear Maritime folks, whom we now called "friends?"

Leaving Lunenburg, we passed through Bridgewater, situated on La Have River, and aptly termed the "City of Pines"; Liverpool, situated at the mouth of the Mersey River, and first settled by pioneers of Pilgrim stock; and Shelburne, a progressive town, whose history dates back to the time when the land was Acadia.

Early in the morning of July 2nd, we arrived at Yarmouth, the gateway of Nova Scotia, where we spent a whole day down by the ocean. Yarmouth is situated on the southwestern end of the peninsula and only two hundred and forty miles across the mouth of the Bay of Fundy from Boston. It is the usual starting point for tourists from the United States. Yarmouth is a busy clearing station for both passengers and freight. Her wharves hum with activity and whistles cough hoarsely in the strong salt air, that rarely rises above 80 degrees. The temperature during July and August is ideal, the nights being cool and refreshing.

Yarmouth, a town of 8,000 people, is the second largest lumber exporting port of Nova Scotia. It has a somewhat English atmosphere, with its hawthorne hedge-enclosed lawns, and its extensive shipping and ship-building.

Some five centuries ago, before Columbus discovered America, the site of Yarmouth of today was visited by Norsemen, as is evidenced by the Runic records carved by them on two stones, located near the town. Champlain visited the locality in 1604, and the first settlers were French, who, because of their non-participation in the intrigues of the time, were exempted from the fate of their Acadian compatriots in the general deportation of 1775. In 1761 came the first English-speaking settlers,—a company of Puritans from Cape Cod, descendants of the Mayflower Pilgrims. These settlers were a hardy and

industrious people, and under their influence, Yarmouth made rapid progress.

This engaging town brought to my mind the story of a jolly old Yarmouth fisherman. When asked by a tourist if he was married, he jokingly replied: "Yes, very much so; the sea is my bride. She is too deep for me to fathom. I have never understood her, and don't suppose I ever will. But I'm just as much in love with my green-blue lady as I was forty years ago, and I don't mind who knows it. Many a fellow has done worse."

Kind church folks of Yarmouth entertained us to a delicious luncheon and dinner in the large curling rink, which was tastefully decorated in our honour. At the conclusion of the luncheon, Mayor H. A. Waterman extended us a very hearty welcome, as did also Revs. W. R. Seeley and H. L. Haslam, on behalf of the United and Anglican Churches of Yarmouth.

One of the speakers deplored the fact that there were so many vacant farms in Nova Scotia. Another speaker, referring to Maritime problems, said "There is a good deal of confederating needed in Canada yet."

In the afternoon our genial hosts took us for a long motor ride. Driving through the town, we saw many handsome residences, massive public buildings and a business centre of importance. We saw hedges fifteen feet high, gardens blazing behind them and alluring drives radiating in every direction.

We went down to the dock to see the Str. "Evangeline," a New York boat.

We saw the looms working in the cotton mill, and then drove to the Yarmouth Golf and Country Club, which has one of the finest and most pleasantly situated courses in the country. It occupies an elevated ridge overlooking the harbour, and affords one of the finest views to be had

in the Province. The fact that the turf of this course is like that of Scotland, makes it one of the most popular courses in Nova Scotia. Some of our number thoroughly enjoyed an afternoon's sport here.

Out of Yarmouth we found excellent gravel roads, which wind in every direction past rivers, lakes, woods and hamlets. Tiny lakes danced in the sun and lumbering oxen crossed our path more than once.

A farmer near Yarmouth was once asked why he used oxen for hauling, instead of horses. "Well," he said, "In the first place, they cost less; their upkeep is not so much, and when they die, we can sell them for good beef."

According to a small boy in Yarmouth, we were the "New Outlaw" party. Others wondered what circus had come to town. A man shingling a roof said, "The New Outlook people are in town, the people with the big buttons." Yes, folk were noticing us, so we did our best to keep within the law.

On our way to the extreme southwest point of Nova Scotia, Cheboque Point, we noticed miles of solid stone fences separating farms. The government is buying these from the farmers for crushed stone for the roads.

Along the roadside were myriads of wild iris and lupines. The latter have purple flowers and closely resemble our delphiniums.

Scenically the country around Yarmouth is beautiful, but poor for growing crops on account of so much rock. It is a good cattle country.

We drove along the Tusket River, which flows for the greater part of its course through Yarmouth county, and affords good opportunities for trout and salmon fishing.

It was a novel experience to see the lobster traps of Yarmouth. The lobster season, which lasts only three months, was past when we were there. Those engaged in

the industry make enough during the three months to keep them all year.

Lobsters are black when taken from the water, and red when cooked.

The Lobster Canning Industry is one of the foremost in Yarmouth, and the Eel Grass Industry is becoming noteworthy. Eel grass is used in hospitals, etc., to make the rooms sound proof. The fishermen use it to bank their houses.

The huts in the fishermen's settlements were novel to us. The fishermen do not talk a great deal, yet they are glad when strangers speak to them, and inquire about their methods of catching fish. All the traps bear some individual marks as a means of identification, and woe betide the fisherman, who attempts to steal his neighbour's haul. One cannot but feel that great justice glows behind their weather-beaten faces. Let no one say a word against their little coast villages, which they love with an abiding passion. They are perfectly contented, and time means little else to them but an indication of the turn of the tide, or the going down and coming up of the sun and moon.

From the fishermen's settlements, the drive to Milton Highlands, north of Yarmouth, matches the scenic beauty of Scotland; the roads which wind around mist-capped hills, and the silver chain of lakes have a true Gaelic quality.

The motor ride of a hundred miles 'mid scenes like these, made our blood tingle and whetted our appetites for the sumptuous dinner provided in the Curling Rink of Yarmouth by our gracious hostesses.

After dinner speeches were given by Rev. C. W. Robbins, assistant to Rev. J. S. Durkee, D.D., pastor of Plymouth Church (Henry Ward Beecher's Church), Brooklyn, N.Y., and others. Both of these ministers are natives of Yarmouth County.

Mr. R. Manser, of Toronto, expressed the thanks of our party to the citizens of Yarmouth for their unbounded hospitality.

Having left Yarmouth at 11.00 p.m. Tuesday, July 2nd, we arrived in Annapolis Royal next morning at 6.00 o'clock.

Of all the historic sites on the North American continent, that of Fort Anne in Annapolis Royal is undoubtedly one of the most notable. It was founded by Sieur de Monts in 1604, his expedition having been sanctioned by Henry IV of France. The French built their first fort on the opposite side of the main river in Lower Granville. The site is now marked with a cairn erected by the Canadian National Parks Branch, Department of the Interior. It is about seven miles from Annapolis Royal.

From the time of its founding until 1710, when it passed into the hands of the British, it experienced a chequered career. Six times it changed hands between the French and the English, before General Francis Nicholson's forces from New England finally took possession. Since then it has remained under British rule. Nicholson's first act was to change the name "Port Royal" to "Annapolis Royal" in honour of the then reigning sovereign, Queen Anne.

Annapolis Royal is situated at the entrance to the Annapolis Valley amid scenes of the greatest natural beauty, which, united with its historic interest, make it exceedingly attractive to tourists. It was here that Canada's first grist mill was built, the first ships were constructed, and the first Indian chief, Memberton, was converted to Christianity. Here the jolly Frenchmen spent a happy winter in 1606-7, when under the leadership of Marc Lescarbot a Paris lawyer, "The Order of Good Cheer," instituted by Champlain, flourished. Fresh game and fish defeated scurvy, the dread enemy, while spirits were kept high by

feasts, fêtes and games, reproducing in this wilderness the gay life of Paris.

Following the main pathway through the park, we first observed the shaft raised to the memory of Lieut.-General Timothé Pierre du Guast, Sieur de Monts, the pioneer of civilization in the New World. This monument set as though de Monts were there himself to receive the visitors, was placed by the Canadian Government in 1904, the tercentenary of the discovery and exploration of the Annapolis River, and of the founding of the first white settlement in North America—north of the Gulf of Mexico. The motto thereon reads *"Genus Immortale Manet"*—"The immortal line in sure succession reigns."

Before reaching de Mont's monument, we passed between two old field guns, used in the northwest Rebellion of 1885.

Farther along the path we came to a sundial of New Hampshire granite, erected in 1918 in memory of George Vaughan, who served as a volunteer under General Francis Nicholson, in the expedition for the reduction of Port Royal, in the ninth year of the reign of Queen Anne, 1710, and who was afterwards—1715-1717—Lieut.-Governor of his native colony of New Hampshire. The motto on the dial proper is the Scottish proverb "Time tries a'."

Following the path for a short distance, we reached a point from which we looked down over the embankment on the ruins of the second fort of Port Royal, built about 1635, and demolished sixty years later to make way for what is now called "Fort Anne." We retraced our steps and crossed the bridge leading to the inner fort. On the left we saw the Bastion Dauphin, which at the time of the fort's capture, contained a bakehouse, smith's forge and a platform for cannon. After the evacuation of 1710, the bakehouse and forge were removed to make way for

a square oak timber blockhouse capable of holding sixty men for the defence of the bridge. The blockhouse was unfortunately allowed to go to ruin, and was finally demolished in 1882. We saw a model of it in the museum.

Near the Fort stands St. Luke's Anglican Church, containing a magnificent Book of Common Prayer, bound in red-tooled morocco, and embellished with gold and precious stones. It was a gift of King George IV.

We saw the well sunk by the French. It was their main source of fresh water supply during a siege.

Next we visited the Officers' Quarters, built about 1798 by order and largely under the personal supervision of Edward, Duke of Kent, the present King's great-grandfather, when he was Commander-in-Chief of the British forces at Halifax. It is a quaint building with three tall chimneys and thirty fireplaces. It is being used now as a museum, in which we saw a very fine collection of curios and objects of historic interest, such as,—coats of mail and armour from the time of Cromwell; the old picture,—a wood cut, portraying the rejoicing on the Strand, Old London, after the signing of the Treaty of Utrecht, which made Annapolis Royal and Nova Scotia permanently British; an old 1812 clock; several trophies of the late war; the piece of wood from Champlain's birthplace in France; the door of the first church built by the returned Acadians after their expulsion, etc.

In the Acadian room we saw the 1720 missal from which Mass was first said; the old willow dishes and the pictures of Acadian women.

We were interested in the Micmac dolls, with which the children used to play in the eighteenth century, and in the brass door knob and pewter teapot from the home of Thomas Chandler Haliburton, whose chief fame rests

on the world-wide success of his creation of the literary character, "Sam Slick, Clockmaker."

Haliburton was born in Windsor, N.S., in 1796 and moved to Annapolis Royal in 1821, there to begin his great career in Law, Literature and Public Life. His closing years were spent in England, where he lies in the same cemetery with Vancouver, the great explorer.

One of the rarest things which we saw, was the enormous key of the fort, given up by the last French General in 1710, and taken to Boston. It was brought back in 1922 through the kindness of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

Among the very fine pictures which we saw in the Officers' Quarters, were "The Duke of Kent" and "The Order of Good Cheer."

Entering The Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial Hall we admired the bronze tablet bearing the following inscription: "This Town Hall and tablet were erected by the citizens of Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia, in loving memory of those who died, and grateful tribute to those, who, daring to die, survived."

Two beautiful portraits of Their Majesties, King George V and Queen Mary, autographed, and sent direct from London, England, grace the walls of this building.

Here, we were glad to see the old piano, made before 1820. It required one person to pedal and another to play.

On the walls of the Memorial Hall we came across two gems in English literature, entitled "Peace" and "To Annapolis Royal."

PEACE

I am no truce of armed and weary kings,
  Unnerving men thru mock security;
I am no quiet form with folded wings
  Holding the shield of radiant victory.
    They shout my name, who never see my face,
    Though I am standing in the market place.

My law is life. From out primeval clay
  I led unconscious breath thru forms uncouth,
And from the whole I shaped, as day meets day,
  Mankind, to whom I give long hours of youth.
    How shall he guard this perilous of gifts?
    He leads who learns to serve; he serves who lifts.

Within the tumult of rude savage prime
  I drew the fireside from the warrior's path;
Circled the child with safety, for all time:
  I judge a man to sin, who kills in wrath;
    I free the hunter from his will to roam,
    I cause the shelter to become a home.

Out of brute force, I mould a moral strength;
  Forge a large justice, conquer selfish greed;
Banding the nations slowly, till at length
  Honor is made obedient to my creed.
    Cities and states shall league by land and sea,
    United as they work at my command.

I am the power thru which a single soul
  Quickens the state, if he but loyal be.
I am the struggle of the toiling whole,
  Rising to form creative energy.
    Know me and learn that I am present here;
    Full growth is gained thru love and not thru fear.

I am the end, for which the human will
  Masters a planet to the common good.
I am the social conscience, weak until
  The needs of living men are understood.
    I was established when the world began;
    I am the Spirit of the God of man.

—*Harrietta Taber Richardson*

"By special permission of the author."

TO ANNAPOLIS ROYAL

From the dusky, dingy city,
With its thronged and busy streets,
From the toil and care, and worry,
Take me to my old retreats:

To the fresh sweet-scented valley,
Where the apple blossoms blow,
Where the tides of restless Fundy
Softly come and sleep and go.

Take me where the silver waters
Gently lap the gliding prow;
Where the white-winged yachts together
Ploughing foam, speed bow to bow:

To the lakes 'mid forest hidden,
Tucked away between the hills,
Where the whirring reel makes music
Sweeter than the rippling rills.

Take me to the glowing camp fires
And amid the circling blue,
Tell again those tales and legends
That you swore to me were true.

On the sunset tinted ramparts
Of the old historic town,
Let me dream in early evening,
Stirring scenes of high renown.

Dream until a silver pathway,
Starting from my very feet,
Goes through mountain shadows seaward,
Lost where sky and Basin meet.

To her soothing fond embraces
Take me now, at once, today,
Let me rest contented, happy,
On her peaceful breast for aye.

—*A. W. L. Smith*

"With the Author's compliments."

We should have liked to remain longer in the Memorial Hall, and the Officers' Quarters of Annapolis Royal, but Grand Pré beckoned us on.

Leaving Annapolis Royal at noon, we travelled through the Minas country,—one from which mists of memory rise, for it was the scene of the Expulsion of the Acadians in 1755.

We soon reached Wolfville, a college town, the seat of the Acadia University (Baptist) and Acadia Residential School for Boys and Girls. Here the church folk of the whole district met our party and took us in motor cars to view the beauties of their fertile valleys and then to Grand Pré.

Wolfville, in King's County, has a population of about 2,000. Built on ground gradually rising from Minas Basin, it commands a wonderful view of the Acadian country. To the east lies the village of Grand Pré, with Blomidon rising majestically to the north.

While retaining the desirable features of a country town, Wolfville with its many fine homes, has all modern conveniences. One of the most attractive features is its ideal summers of golden sunny days, cool evenings, and bright blue skies. There are no fogs. The autumns too, are magnificent, clear, and crisp with gorgeous colourings, wherever the eye may rest.

We drove from the depot in Wolfville, along the Cornwallis Valley to what is locally known as "The Stile." On the way were some of the finest apple orchards we had ever seen. There are prospects for a big apple crop this year. Small fruits are not grown much in this section.

Having reached "The Stile" a splendid point for observation, we had a view unsurpassed by any other in the whole of Nova Scotia. It was very difficult to decide which

we liked the better,—this, or the view from "Green Hill." Both with their own magnificent splendour "gripped" us.

From "The Stile" we beheld the Gaspereau River and valley, with vast stretches of apple orchards, resplendent in the light of the sun. We saw the pretty village of Gaspereau in all its pastoral loveliness,

> "And away to the northward
> Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
> Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
> Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended."
>
> —*Longfellow*

From "The Stile" we proceeded to Acadia University, a splendid group of buildings. This year Acadia has an enrolment of 800 students.

On the way to Grand Pré we passed through Port Williams, having seen many miles of dyked lands, that were reclaimed from the sea by the patient industry of the early settlers. Here the meadows yield great crops of hay, oats, barley and general crops. There is not as much dairying in this section as there should be. To our surprise we learned that three shipments of New Zealand butter had been made to Wolfville last winter.

Some of the party went to the "Look Off" twelve miles from Wolfville to the north. From this elevation a wonderful view of the rich valleys of the Cornwallis and Annapolis, with their wealth of orchard and farm lands, was obtained, five counties having been seen.

At length we all came to Grand Pré—"The Great Meadow," that charming little village made famous by Longfellow in his "Evangeline." It still has a wonderful charm. Set in the midst of gently rolling hills, covered with magnificent orchards, and with its quaint church, built by Covenanters a century and a quarter ago, it is a never-ending delight to the visitor.

Many changes have taken place since the French had their homes here, but one often hears from the older folk of the remains of the Acadian homes, an old cellar, well, graves, etc., which all tell their own tale of the cosy homes they had, before being driven away to other lands.

Well repaid were those who reverently turned aside to sit in the old Covenanter church in Grand Pré; to see the double-deck pulpit, the box pews, and outside the graves of many distinguished members of Sir Robert Borden's family. As at Sheffield, the story of the heroic inception of the religious life of the community was told by the minister.

As we sat in the pews our thoughts wandered back to the days of the hardy pioneers, and a sense of the sanctity of this Temple came over us all.

This historic Presbyterian church was built in 1804. The first church goers were settlers from the New England States, who came to live in this district after the expulsion of the Acadians. Rev. James Murdock preached here from 1767 to 1791. Some of the later ministers were Revs. Thos. Gilmour, Geo. Struthers and Wm. Somerville. The latter who was of the Covenanter body, ministered to a huge district, and insisted on the singing of the Psalms. This church remained in the hands of the Covenanters until 1912. Now it is a part of the United Church, services being held in it part time in the year.

In the cemetery outside the church, we saw the first grave, that of Rev. Thomas Gilmour, buried 1811. The inscription thereon is in Latin.

Proceeding down the hillside, and under a Norman arch, we passed into Evangeline's Memorial Park—into Acadia! Yes, and into Normandy itself! A gentle melancholy enfolded us. Voices were hushed as one reviewed the sorrowful story of Longfellow's Evangeline, the

beloved Acadian heroine, who, expelled from her country, and separated from her sweetheart, found him after years of searching, only to surrender him to Death.

At one entrance to the Memorial Park, we saw Hebert's remarkable bronze statue of Evangeline, which deserves more than passing mention. Begun by Philippe Hebert, R.C.A., finished by his son, Henri, the lifeless metal gives an impression of breathing beauty.

Entering the Memorial Hall, on the site of the old Acadian church, some of us registered, after admiring the exquisite copy of Murillo's Madonna in Carrara marble. The Memorial Hall is a chapel,—a beautiful replica of the old French church of St. Charles. It resembles as nearly as possible the eighteenth century architecture, that Evangeline would have known, and was erected by the descendants of the Acadians.

When we were reminded that it was time to board our train, we were awakened from a dream, as it were,—a dream of the storied past. Needless to say, we came back to earth again with a jolt. It seemed hard to say *"Au Revoir"* to Grand Pré and hasten on to "The Island."

CHAPTER V

THE GARDEN OF THE GULF—CANADA'S COSY CORNER

Getting the whole party across the Straits of Northumberland, from Cape Tormentine to Borden, Prince Edward Island, was for the railroad men a considerable task, but it proved exceedingly enjoyable to us, to see from our breakfast tables in the dining-cars, the red cliffs, the red plowed fields and the green pastures of that extensive "Garden of the Gulf."

Prince Edward Island is unique among the provinces. It is an island and the smallest province, with a population of 98½% native born, while over 84% is rural. The Indians called it "Abegweit"—"Cradled on the waves," and the early French explorers "La Basse et Belle Isle"—"The Low and Beautiful Island." Henry Ward Beecher designated it "Gem of the Northern Sea." Officially also it has been named and renamed. In 1870 the then governor proposed to rechristen it "New Ireland" but the proposal was killed by the English Government. In 1798 it received its present name in honour of Prince Edward Duke of Kent, who was then Commander of the troops at Halifax.

First settled by the French in 1663, its real development began in 1755, when after the expulsion of the Acadians, thousands of them found their way to the island.

The people are French, Irish, Scotch and English in their origin, and there has been practically no immigration in recent years.

Prince Edward Island is Canada's Cosy Corner,—a colourful land, where every picture seems more vivid than elsewhere. The people claim that outside of Italy, there

are no skies as blue as theirs, no sunset so gorgeous, no landscape so colourful.

So wonderfully productive and free from stones is the soil, with abundance of the best fertilizer in the shape of mussel mud, available everywhere along the shores, it has supported in comfort the most closely populated area in Canada.

Practically the whole land area is covered with well stocked farm holdings, owned in almost every case by the occupant. Eggs, butter and cheese, pork, lamb and poultry, furs from fox and other domesticated fur-bearing animals, potatoes and other vegetables, grain and grass seed are the outstanding exports. The province is famed for its oysters and its lobsters; and the catches of cod, salmon, mackerel, herring, clams and smelts add largely to the revenues of its people.

Prince Edward Island is famous for its hand-made hooked rugs and other home handicrafts, such as table runners, couch covers, etc., made from home grown flax.

Set in the midst of the salt sea, "The Island" has neither extreme heat nor cold, fog being unknown.

Our train was ferried across Northumberland Straits from Cape Tormentine to Borden in three sections. From here it was only a short run to Charlottetown, the capital of the Province, called the "Cradle of Confederation," because it was here that the first conference which discussed the union of the provinces was held. Charlottetown has a population of 12,500.

On arrival in the city at 10.00 a.m. Thursday, July 4th, our party was met by the reception committee of Trinity United Church, and proceeded immediately to their large and beautiful church, where a short program was carried out, under the direction of the chairman of the committee, Mr. John F. Whear.

Addresses of welcome were delivered by Rev. John Stirling, Moderator of P. E. I. Presbytery of the United Church of Canada, and by Rev. Dr. Ramsay, pastor of Trinity Church. These clergymen made brief but fitting remarks, giving us some facts concerning the production of Prince Edward Island, not only from an agricultural standpoint, but from the standpoint of "brawn and brain."

Mr. Stirling said, "There are three characteristics of the Scotch, who form a large part of our population, namely,—humility, generosity, and sobriety. We intend," he said, "to stick to Prohibition, and are content to be unique with Nova Scotia in that regard."

Dr. Ramsay mentioned the names of Sir Robert Falconer, Sir Louis Davies and other distinguished sons of Prince Edward Island, who won distinction in the wider field of endeavour outside the province.

After a short prayer and benediction, the party proceeded to the Parliament Buildings, where addresses of welcome were given by the Hon. Mr. Saunders, Premier of the Province, and Mayor Yeo.

The Premier said, "I know of no better method, of no better course that you could adopt and pursue, than the one you are now following, namely, that those of the central and western provinces should visit our eastern provinces and get in closer touch with our people, and learn what we have in the way of natural resources and possibilities. Let me say this,—this is not a new idea. This idea was conceived by our own statesmen years ago. Away back in 1864 in the Province of Prince Edward Island, our statesmen could see that it would be a good thing to have Maritime union, and they sent a request to the neighbouring provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to send delegates here to discuss Maritime Union. Those delegates came to the city of Charlottetown. The Hon. Sir

John A. Macdonald and Sir George Cartier, hearing of the movement, made a request that they might be permitted to send delegates to consider a greater and wider union—the Dominion of Canada. I may say that these delegates met in the city of Charlottetown, and in this very building, and you will have the privilege of seeing the table, around which the Fathers of Confederation sat, and the chairs in which they sat. You will also see the tablet on which is inscribed 'In the hearts and minds of the Delegates who assembled in this room on September 1st, 1864, was born the Dominion of Canada. Providence being their Guide, they builded better than they knew.' These delegates, as you doubtless know, sat here for a period of about ten days, when they adjourned their deliberations to the city of Quebec, where in 1864 they passed some seventy resolutions, which later became our Canadian Constitution. This, I think, was one of the greatest events in our Canadian history.

"I had the privilege of visiting your Western Provinces some months ago. I visited the extreme western city of Victoria, and I visited many of the cities of the West, and I must confess that I was deeply impressed with what I saw there. You certainly have a marvellous country. One thing I was impressed with was the optimism and loyalty of our western people. At every single city and town I happened to be in, they went to a great deal of trouble explaining to me the possibilities of their country. They had faith in their country, and it gave me an inspiration, because there was a little spot very dear to my heart—'The Garden of the Gulf.' You will pardon me if I say this: I believe we have one of the finest little Provinces. Perhaps I may be pardoned if I say we have the finest little Province in Canada. It is little, it is true, yet it includes about one million four hundred acres of land

and is sometimes called "The Million Acre Farm." In length it extends 145 miles. Its greatest width is 45 miles, and the narrowest portion three and one-half miles. We have a population of about 88,000 people, just about the size of an ordinary city such as you have in the west; but let me tell you that in 1914 we sent to France 5,000 of the flower of our youth, and today 500 sleep in Flanders' Fields. One third of our military force were casualties. That was our contribution to the Great War and we are proud of it.

"I want to say this about our Province, that you will have the opportunity of seeing, notwithstanding that your visit is so very short, a very fine, happy, prosperous and contented people. You will see very fine homes, with every reasonable comfort,—radios and automobiles. We have no great wealth, we have no millionaires, but happier still, we have no extreme poverty. We also feel that in this Province we have very many things to be thankful for. We have as you will doubtless see, many schools; I believe somewhere in the vicinity of 540 schools, and we have a free educational system. We also have very many churches, of which we are very proud indeed.

"Our basic industries are agriculture and fishing. About 85% of our people engage in agriculture. We believe we have the real 'Denmark' of Canada in agriculture. When I say that, I want to modify it to this extent,—we are known in the first place as a 'Disease Free Area' in regard to bovine tuberculosis, so that when you drink our milk and cream you are drinking a disease free product. I believe this Province leads the rest of Canada in grading and co-operative marketing, because we have people coming from the other Provinces to ascertain our methods. I know you will pardon me when I say this, that in connection with our dairy products, we have been able to

lead the other Provinces of Canada in butter and cheese. Last year our butter, in competition with the rest of Canada, scored 99.1%, almost a perfect article, the very finest in Canada, and our cheese scored 99.6%, or second to Ontario. As I mentioned, we go in for high quality in our products. We also have what is known as the Egg and Poultry Association, the very finest in Canada, and today our eggs sell at a premium in Canada of two or three cents over the other provinces, simply because of the fine grading, and the courage and zest with which our province has gone into the industry, and as we very often say 'the proof of the pudding is in the eating.' All you have to do is to eat some of our lamb while you are here, to see the very high quality of our product.

"I need not say that this province is sometimes spoken of as 'Spud Island,' because it is known and famed for seed potatoes. We have the largest Seed Potato Organization in the world. Our potatoes are in great demand, not only in Western Canada but more especially in some of the Southern States.

"We also have a new industry, which we established a few years ago. This is the home of the Silver Fox Industry, and the natural conclusion would be that, having had the experience that we certainly have had, we feel we are able to produce the finest silver foxes in the world. At the Royal Fair in Toronto, which is open to world competition, we take about 85% of the prizes in the fur industry. This industry may seem to you not very important, but to us it means about $2,000,000 per year, so that you can see the wonderful thing it has been to our province. I trust that you will have an opportunity of visiting some of our fox ranches, although at this time of the year the foxes are at their very worst, because they are now shedding their fur, and it is only in winter that one sees the

foxes at their best; but you can see and have some conception of what this industry means to our province.

"Our province is also famed for our 'Malpeque Oysters.' We have the finest oysters that can be obtained. You will see 'Malpeque' oysters advertised on bills of fare everywhere. I may say that we are very much pleased with the condition in this regard, but unfortunately, while you may see 'Malpeque Oysters' advertised today, we are unable to obtain the oysters, and it is only the fine name and reputation that we have. A disease unfortunately crept into our oyster beds a few years ago, but we believe in a few years it will be eliminated. We have survived the name and reputation of our Malpeque Oysters, and we want to sustain it as best we can.

"I do hope, however, that notwithstanding your very short visit here, you may enjoy the pleasures and attractions of our province; that you may carry away the fondest and most pleasant recollections, and that you may some day return."

Mayor Yeo then addressed us as follows:—"Mr. Premier, Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: This has been a rather eventful week for us. On Tuesday last it was our privilege to welcome Sir Henry Thornton and his railway associates, and on that occasion Sir Henry selected a site on which will shortly be erected a magnificent new Canadian National hotel.

"Yesterday it was our privilege to extend a welcome to the Maritime Livestock Board, which is holding a two days' session in our city, considering matters concerning the livestock industry and planning for the further development and extension of that important business. These have been important visits.

"Today we are honoured with 'The New Outlook' party. Many of you come from the far reaches of our country,

and I take it that this is probably the first occasion that you have visited the Eastern shores. I think, ladies and gentlemen, that your tour is highly commendable. It will give you an opportunity of seeing the Maritime Provinces and learning of our industries, of our possibilities and of our people. In no other way, possibly, can a united citizenship be built up in this country than by such an interchange of ideas. You will come to know us more intimately, and through a better friendship, I feel that we shall learn some of your problems, as you will of ours.

"I think, Mr. Chairman, that the tour about ended has possibly left the best to the last. As the Honourable Premier has said, you will find that the smallest Province of Canada is a Province of great fertility and wonderful pastoral beauty. I am sure as you pass through this province, you will be struck and impressed with its scenic beauty.

"The people in this province are engaged largely in agriculture, fishing and fur-raising. In these our people have attained a great deal of success.

"You are in the capital city today, a small city, but one of which we are proud. We have practically all the modern conveniences to be found in any city of similar size, or even greater. It has historic traditions, which I am sure will be of great interest to you and you will be shown them a little later in the day.

"I am very pleased to tender to you a most cordial welcome, and to assure you of our friendship and hospitality."

We were then taken to the Confederation Room to see the famous tablet—the Mural Bronze, and the historic table around which the Fathers of Confederation sat. Captain H. R. Stewart, Deputy Provincial Secretary, gave us a very interesting description of the room and tablet.

The Mural Bronze is the work of one Hamilton

McCarthy, a Canadian sculptor residing in Ottawa. Mr. McCarthy was not commissioned to do this work until June 1st, 1914, and the completed tablet was in position on August 10th following.

We noted the wealth of historic detail in the design of the tablet. On each corner there is a crest of one of the uniting provinces: top right, Quebec; lower right, New Brunswick; lower left, Nova Scotia; top left, Ontario. At the top centre, resting on the folds of the Union Jack, is the Imperial Coat-of-Arms. In the centre of the tablet is the Prince Edward Island Coat-of-Arms, showing the Great Oak of Britain and the small tree, representing the Colony. The Latin inscription reads *"Parve sub Ingentie,"* —"Small under Great." At the bottom centre is the Canadian Coat-of-Arms; on the right appears the Herald announcing the birth of the new Union. The inscription is the King's English at its best. The line reading "Providence being their Guide," is from Milton's "Paradise Lost," and "They builded better than they knew" is from Emerson,—old and new world writers, centuries apart, but in combination the words describe accurately the result of the Conference.

The names of the delegates attending the Conference appear on the ribbon in the margin. The five figures at the left represent Sir John A. Macdonald, from Ontario; Sir George Cartier, from Quebec; Sir Leonard Tilley, from New Brunswick; Col. John Hamilton Gray, Chairman of the Conference, from Prince Edward Island, and Sir Charles Tupper from Nova Scotia. Sir Charles is holding a pick axe, and at his foot is a fish, representing the chief basic industries of Nova Scotia—mining and fisheries. He is pointing as if saying "Unity is Strength." Col. Gray, the Chairman, holds the Roman symbol of Unity,—four staves bound together, representing four Provinces united

through the medium of the Conference. Sir Leonard Tilley holds a scroll bearing the word "Dominion," as according to a tradition, he quoted the Scriptures "Thy Dominion shall extend from sea to sea." At that time there was some uncertainty as to what to call the new Union, whether it should be the "Kingdom of Canada," the "Union of Canada," the "Confederation of Canada," etc. Just prior to a Conference in London, Sir Leonard had been reading the Scriptures and came across the passage reading "Thy Dominion shall extend from sea to sea." He is also holding in his left hand the old flail for threshing. Sir George Cartier holds the torch and the sword of Justice, thereby indicating that much of the civil law in Quebec today is French law. Sir John A. Macdonald holds the symbol of medicine in his left hand, and in his right a scythe. There also appears a sheaf of wheat and a locomotive, indicating the onward march of civilization across the new country.

After we left the Confederation Room, some did shopping, while others spent an hour sightseeing.

At noon we were entertained to a choice luncheon in Heartz Memorial Hall by kind folk of Trinity United Church, following which our hosts took us for a long drive through the city and into the country.

Charlottetown is pleasantly situated. Its streets are literally flanked with shade trees, imposing public buildings and fine residences, well furnished with lawns and gardens. Victoria Park is convenient to the city and is a place of natural beauty. The new Roman Catholic Cathedral is numbered among the finest churches in Canada. Those who saw beautiful St. Peter's Cathedral (Anglican) were well repaid. In the chapel, a type of the first period of English Gothic architecture, we were deeply impressed by two large oil paintings, which portray the Saviour in characteristic attitude. These are entitled "Suffer Little

Children to Come Unto Me," and "Peace I Leave With You; My Peace I Give Unto You." Both are the work of the late Robert Harris, C.M.G., R.C.A., a native of Prince Edward Island, and in whose memory an art gallery is at present being erected in Charlottetown.

Leaving St. Peter's, we drove along the harbour. We noticed the old Government House, now vacated, and massive St. James' Presbyterian Church, called the "Kirk" in Prince Edward Island.

As we drove into the inviting level country, for there are no mountains in the Island, the quiet restfulness, the salt air and the odor of the pines gave us a feeling of peace and content.

Just outside the city limits, Mr. T. B. Woodman showed us his fox ranch, visited by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who named a pair of foxes "Rex" and "Regina." The Prince told Mr. Woodman to call them "George" and "Mary."

At the time of our visit Mr. Woodman had 250 foxes. We saw some beauties with white-tipped tails. When older the silver shows up more, making them valuable.

Mr. Woodman said, "the heat of the 'dog days' is very hard on foxes. They are shedding their fur now. Sometimes they bite like fury. One shouldn't shake them when they bite, although I did give one wee fellow a proper shaking the other day. We feed them fish, meat, liver, biscuits, bread, milk, etc., being careful to give less meat in the hot weather."

Mr. Woodman was very kind. He showed us over the whole of his ranch, and spared nothing to make our visit a very profitable one.

From the fox ranch we drove along the North River, through a long avenue of maple trees leading to Beach Grove, a summer resort. Next we visited the experimental

Farm, where we saw excellent wheat, clover and potatoes, then went on to Belvedere to see the fine golf links.

The drive ended with our arrival at Government House "Edgewater," the palatial residence of His Honour, Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Heartz, who were gracious hosts at an "At Home" in our honour. The warmth of the welcome extended to us, the social intercourse with those select in ancestry, the friendly cup of tea, the captivating music; and without, the warm glowing earth, the verdant foliage, and the red cliffs washed by shining seas, left an impression with us, which will last as long as life itself.

A sumptuous lamb dinner was served that night by the ladies of Trinity Church in Heartz Memorial Hall, and marked our final gathering as a party.

A short program followed the dinner, Dr. Crews being chairman, and on the platform with him were Hon. A. C. Sinclair and Dr. Ramsay. Resolutions thanking the following were passed: Mr. Reginald A. Burch, traffic representative of the C.N.R., who was in charge of the special train; Dr. S. W. Fallis, Publisher of the "New Outlook," who commenced the tour as leader of the party, and who, due to illness had to return to Toronto from Quebec; and Dr. A. C. Crews, who succeeded Dr. Fallis. Appreciation was also expressed of the work of Mr. T. C. Harrison, assistant chief of the tour, and advertising manager of the "New Outlook," and of the work of Mr. R. P. Stouffer, editor of "The New Outlook Daily," and publicity representative of The United Church's committee on literature, general publicity and missionary education.

This being July 4th, "My Country 'Tis of Thee" was sung in honour of several citizens of the United States, with the party. Mrs. A. E. I. Jackson (Irene Williams), one of the leading sopranos of the Philadelphia Civic Opera Company, Philadelphia, sang "The Star Spangled

Banner," and was presented with a token of the party's appreciation for her entertainment en route, by Mr. T. C. Harrison. She then sang two selections, one of which was "Home Sweet Home," which held the audience spell bound.

Rev. S. F. Wenger, of Tracy, Minn., in a brief address, spoke eloquently of the many bonds, which unite the two great nations, Canada and the United States.

Dr. Crews recited the poem of J. W. Bengough, which so accurately describes the fellow feeling between Great Britain and the U. S. A.

This was a farewell gathering, which made us feel rather sad, for we realized we were near the end of a memorable journey, and that soon, friend would have to part from friend.

Returning to New Brunswick in the night, our sleeping cars having been carried across the strait on ferries, the train took us by daylight through a portion of the Province, which had been missed. On to Miramichi and the Restigouche raced our giant locomotive, past towering hills, sheltered valleys, forest, field and stream to Newcastle.

Newcastle, with a population of 3,000, is situated on the north shore of the Miramichi River, at a point where the latter is practically an arm of the sea. It is one of the oldest towns in this section of New Brunswick, and has many beautiful driveways radiating into the country. Chatham, Bathurst and Campbellton are other centres, not far from each other.

Rivers, crowded with logs from bank to bank, reveal the importance of the lumber and pulp and paper industry in this part of New Brunswick. Boats from England carry 4,000,000 feet of lumber from Newcastle in one load.

Newcastle is said to have the largest wireless station in the world. It was built by the Germans, but after they

had it ready for use, it was discovered, and then became of intrinsic value to Canadians in the Great War.

The citizens of Newcastle very kindly provided for us a long motor drive in a very short time. Although we had only three hours there, we would not have missed Newcastle for anything.

The drive along the Miramichi River was most delightful. On all sides we saw indications of an immense lumber industry. We passed a large creosote mill and farther out saw some good farms. While some grains are raised here, most of the farmers grow potatoes and other vegetables.

We drove to Chatham, and back to our train, which left Newcastle at 11.30 a.m. Friday, July 5th. Soon we reached Matapedia, the gateway to the Gaspe country. It lies between the St. Lawrence River and the Baie de Chaleur. We were fortunate in making the trip by daylight, and the memory of this journey, now along the banks of the beautiful river, now between the towering hardwood-clad heights, which rise on either side of the track, was one which we were not likely to forget.

The Matapedia River rises far up in the Province of Quebec, and joins the Restigouche at "The Meeting of the Waters," near Matapedia station. These two rivers are known and loved of fishermen everywhere. They contain on their reaches some of the best salmon pools in the world. They form part of the great river system of northern New Brunswick, which spreads all over the country, and is closely connected, either by small streams, or short portages. The Restigouche, the St. John, the Miramichi, the Nepisiquit, the Tobique, the Richibucto—names as finely rolling and melodious as the rivers themselves—all these streams and countless others in this part of New Brunswick teem with fish and run through a beautifully diversified country.

The Clubhouse of the Restigouche Salmon Club is located at Matapedia, the club being noted for the wealth of its members. The entrance fee is $10,000 and the annual dues $1,500. Fish are plentiful in the pools controlled by the club in this locality, and they are probably the most costly fish that swim.

The trip up the Matapedia from Campbellton equalled anything that we had seen from Toronto to Sydney.

Passing through some of the finest scenery in the Dominion, we entered Quebec. At Mont Joli the grandeur of the St. Lawrence River is most appealing. Then we passed Rimouski, where inbound ocean liners land the mails; Bic, that beautiful village down by the shore, with a background of majestic mountains separating it from the country beyond. On one side, we saw huge cliffs, while on the other side, a magnificent panorama of bay, river and islets unfolded before our eyes.

We passed Cacouna, another charming town close by the shore, boasting a stretch of sand beach a mile long. Later Levis came to view, and on we sped to Montreal, passing through many quaint towns and villages of Quebec.

On the last night of our eventful tour, there was a jolly good time in the dining-cars for all on board, and once again opportunity was taken to thank those, who, by their skill, labour and thoughtfulness, had made possible the comfort and happiness of so large a company. But we did not forget the hosts of fellow Canadians down in the Maritimes, whom we now called "friends," and who had made each stop-off a joy and benefit to us all.

Then, rather reluctantly we said "Good-Bye" and went to our homes, with a broader and happier knowledge of our fair Canada, and memories of many pleasant friendships formed, during three of the best weeks of our lives.

FOND MARITIMES.

From Ottawa's stately capital to the Plains of Abraham,
Not a heart but sang the praises of a Father's loving hand,
For we feasted on the beauty of mountain, vale and sea,
And mused in wonder, why God made such a paradise for me.
We sailed majestic Saguenay to quaint Chicoutimi,
And southward bound, we're thrilled and awed at bald Cape Trinity.
In Fredericton we loved to roam amid the stately elms,
Along the broad St. John, where stands tribute to Robbie Burns.
At Sheffield Church our souls were stirred as ne'er before;
It seemed we stood on holy ground, for did we not forsooth
Join reverently in prayer and praise with valiant hearts and true,
Whose forebears sleep beside the church they built, yea, cherished too.
These sprang from the Pilgrim Fathers' stock,
And bequeathed to us a legacy,—a faith in Christ, their rock.
The city of reversing falls allured us farther on,
And then St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, whose charms we cannot con.
Moncton showed us her tidal bore, and a reception fine,
Choice luncheon, gifts of ginger ale, of cakes and trays erstwhile.
In Sackville we were glad to see the M. A. varsity,
Whence many learned men have gone to teach humanity.
From Beauséjour, the old French fort, o'erlooking Bay Chignecto,
We caught a glimpse of Amherst and saw Prince Edward Island.
We crossed Strait Canso for a sail thro' Bras d'Or to Sydney,
And there we learned how steel is made, and Louisburg did see.
New Glasgow, home of the Highland Scotch, and Pictou's famed Academy
Enriched our minds with food for thought; they will be long in memory.
Truro was a real delight, and Halifax imposing,
Rich in historic lore and might of our beloved Dominion.
In Lunenburg we fondly gazed upon the fishing boats,
And marks of thrift, prosperity of dear contented folks.
Yarmouth was a joy to all, Annapolis inspiring,
For did not old Fort Anne recall De Monts and heroes many?
Grand Pré brought back Evangeline. O! how we yearned to hover
Around the little Norman church,—and nearby,—Covenanter!
Prince Edward Island seemed to all a gem in a mighty sea,
Just fancy seeing Charlottetown, and what she means to me.
For here in legislative hall, back in the eighteen sixties,
Our grand old sires sat round the board which we viewed reverently.
Newcastle we would not have missed; the drive 'long the Miramichi
Showed us thriving industries and Chatham next to see.
And now, we're nearing Montreal; homeward bound are we,
Grateful that East shook hands with West: grateful for hospitality.

—*Ida Mara Kennedy.*

8090-L

Date Due

FEB 11 1998			
FEB 0 2 1998			

F 5457 .K45
Kennedy, Ida Mara
Touring Quebec and the Maritim
010101 000
0 1163 0192343 3
TRENT UNIVERSITY

343606